

TWO  
BOOKES

OF  
EPIGRAMMES,  
AND  
EPITAPHS.

Dedicated to two top-branches  
OF GENTRY:

*Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet,*  
AND  
*William Davenport, Esquire.*

WRITTEN  
By THOMAS BANCROFT.  $\frac{4}{15-17}$

LONDON:  
Printed by I. Oker, for Matthew Walbancke,  
and are to be sold at his shop in Grayes-  
Inne-gate 1639.

BOOKS

EPICURAEAN

REPLACES

Dedicated to the



\*\*\*\*\*

BY THOMAS BANCROFT

\*\*\*\*\*

LONDON:  
Printed by A. Miller, for C. Smith, in the Strand.  
and are to be sold in this shop in Great Britain.  
1755.





# The First Booke of Epigrammes.

To Sir CHARLES SHIRLEY,  
Baronet.

**H**is verse, (whose Author was so neare you bred)  
Seemes to runne straight to you for Patronage,  
As to a brave Bud, that hath promised  
The fruit of Honour in maturer age:  
Daigne then these leaves to sweeten with your Springs  
Faire growth, and listen whilst a Black-bird sings.

2. To the Reader.

Reader, till Martial thou hast well survey'd,  
Or Owens Wit with Ionsons Learning weigh'd,  
Forbeare with thanklesse censure to accuse  
My Writ of error, or condemne my Muse.

3. To the same.

Though Epigrammes be but a curter kind  
Of Sa tyres, striking on as sharpe a string,  
To Dysticks or Tetra sticks doe not bind  
My free-borne Muse, for youth would have his swing,

4. To his Booke.

Deare issue, some thy Name that view'd,  
Did from rash premisses conclude,

---

## The First Book of Epigrammes.

---

That, through suffusion of thy gall,  
Thy parts would prove Ictericall,  
And that (wrapt up in sheets uncleane)  
With scurrile Rymes and jests obseane,  
Thou wouldst prophane a good mans care:  
But (as thou art to Vertue deare)  
Such lewd licentious tricks desie,  
And cheat such Censures honestly.

### 5. On the Spheares.

What are those ever-turning heavenly Spheares,  
But Wheelles, (that from our Cradles to our Urnes)  
Winde up our threads of Life, that houely weares?  
And they that soonest dye, have happiest turnes.

### 6. On severall Countries.

In severall figures severall Regions are,  
Cast and describ'd, some round, some angular:  
So Irelands forme is Ovall, Britaine takes  
The threatning semblance of a sharpned Axe,  
(Where-with large France seemes hewne into a square)  
And to an Oxes hyde we Spaine compare:  
But Nature well, brave Italy doth shew  
Like a swift Legge, that farre with Fame doth goe.

### 7. On cracking of Nuts.

Much cracking hurts the Teeth, but to the Tongue  
The bragging humour does a deeper wrong.

### 8. On Thomas Randall.

Who knew not this brave sparke of Phœbus? whose  
Both Life and Learning might detraction pose,  
Save onely that he dranke too greedily  
O'th' Muses Spring, and left the Sisters dry,  
Who (smiling therefore gave the Fates command  
His Body to convert to pearly sand,  
And strew it in their Fountaine, there to shine  
Like his cleare thoughts, and make their draughts divine.



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

9. *To a Glazier, shrewdly married.*

Of Glasse and Lead, woman, and weighty care  
Thou hast enough, (and some perhaps to spare)  
Yes breake thou wilt, nor can thy brittle Trade  
Long hold, now quarrels are so rashly made,

10. *Of the Earth.*

Those that make Earth a living Monster, (whose  
Breath moves the Ocean when it ebbes and flowes,  
Whose warts are rugged Hills, whose wrinkles, vales,  
Whose Ribbs are Rocks, and Bowells, Mineralls)  
What will they have so vast a Creature eat,  
Sith Sea too salt, and Aire's too windy meate?

11. *A drunken brabler.*

Who onely in his Cups will fight, is like  
A Clocke that must be oyl'd well, ere it strike.

12. *An Epitaph on his Father and Mother, buried  
neare together in Swarston Church.*

Here lies a paire of peerelesse friends,  
Whose goodnesse like a precious Chaine)  
Adorn'd their soules in lives and ends;  
Whom when detractions selfe would staine,  
She drops her teares in stead of gall,  
And helps to mourne their Funerall.

13. *To Iame Shirley.*

James, thou and I did spend some precious yeeres  
At Katherine-Hall; since when we sometimes feele  
In our Poetick braines (as plaine appeares)  
A whirling tricke, then caught from Katherines wheele.

14. *The Usurer.*

He puts forth money as the Hangman sows  
His fatall Hempe-seed, that with curses growes:

---

## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

---

So grows his damn'd wealth, in the Devils name,  
That doth in Hell the Harvest-home proclaime:  
For which deepe reason my poore Muse presumes  
This suite, that Poets ne're prove Usurers.



15. *An Epitaph on Mistris Anne Knyveton.*

Here hidden lyes deare Treasure under ground,  
Blest Innocence, with budding Vertue crown'd,  
That, like a Taper on some Altar fir'd,  
Shone fairely forth, and sweetly so expir'd,  
Expecting here in darke some shade of night,  
A rising Sunne, that brings eternall light.

16. *Another on the same.*

Gentle Friends, with teares forbear  
To drowne a withered Flower here,  
That, in Spring of Natures pride,  
Drank the Morning dew, and dy'd.  
Death may teach you here to live,  
And a friendly call doth give  
To this humble house of mine,  
Here's his Inne, and this the Signe.

17. *To Thomas Pegge Gentleman.*

Me thinkes I may to Sugar and to Wine  
Our loves compare, which kind discourses mixt:  
Since when, that heart that totally was mine,  
Hath in your bosomes Paradise beene fixt.  
What wonder then my Friendships force doth last  
Firme to your goodnesse & you have pegg'd it fast.

18. *To an Eunuch.*

Thou still art wrestling, yet the fall dost get,  
As Ships that want their Ballast, over-set.

19. *Against Drunkenesse.*

Of all soule-sicknesse that Mortals have,  
This falls the heaviest, quenching many a brave Yonge



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

Young sparke, yet kindling Lusts unhallowed fire.  
Sweet friends, that to the two-topt Mount aspire  
Of noble Art and Honour, to the ditch  
Of base contempt tumble this loathed Witch,  
That worse than *Circe*) with a cup doth sacke  
The Fort of Reason, and sound fences cracke.  
For who (not frantick) would diseases buy  
At a lame rate, or thirst for poverty?

20. *An Epitaph on Master Henry Hopkinson.*

*Lo, of old Natures true faith-fastned hearts  
Lyes here a Picture, which with loveliest parts  
Heavens hand did garnish, and exactly draw  
With the quaint lines of Vertue, Art, and Law:  
But lest too long it should to view be set,  
Laid up his worke, and this the Cabinet.*

21. *To Ben. Iouson.*

As *Martials* Muse by *Casars* ripening rayes  
Was sometimes cherisht, so thy happier dayes  
Ioy'd in the Sun-shine of thy Royall IAMES,  
Whose Crowne shed lustre on thine Epigrammes:  
But I, remote from favours fostering heate,  
O're snowy Hills my Muses passage beate,  
Where weeping Rocks my harder Fates lament,  
And shuddering Woods whisper my discontent.  
What wonder then my numbers, that have rowl'd  
Like streames of *Tygris*, run so slow and cold?

22. *To the same.*

*Let Ignorance with Envy chat,  
In spite of both, thou Fame dost winne,  
Whose messe of Learning seemes like that,  
Which Ioseph gave to Benjamin.*

23. *To Oliver Cookerill.*

Thou once didst wrong me, but I all forgive,  
And wish thou maist in lesse vexation live,

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

Than when thou didst of bootlesse love complaine,  
Whose heate in teares of dripping spent thy braine ;  
When, with a sunke cheeke and a sobbing heart,  
In roaring Rime thou didst discharge thy smart,  
And like a leaden Serring lay'st alone,  
Ready to squirt out life at every grone.  
Yet, when thou couldst not thy deare *Doll* obtaine,  
Didst with reproach her Maiden fame distaine :  
This was not faire ; but doe no more amisse,  
And *Cupid* with both eyes will winke at this.

24. To *Caspar* the Foote-man.

*Caspar* went nimbly once, but now doth tread  
Scarce thicke enough ; he's lately married.

25. To *Godfrey Froggat*.

Cuz, thou and I (though no man knew the same)  
By our meere likenesse should our Kindred claime :  
Both Learning-lovers, faithfull-hearted, kind,  
Of lowly stature, yet of lofty minde:  
Onely quaint *Fortune*, that with thee doth stay  
Playes the blind Jade with me, and wheelcs away.

26. On humane bodies.

*Our Bodies* are like *Shoes*, which off we cast,  
*Physicke* their *Cobler* is, and *Death* the Last.

27. An Epitaph on *George Siddon* of the  
*Bull-head* in *Bosworth*.

*Death*, the great Gamester, that at fairest throwes,  
And surely strikes a Dye, to *Tables* goes  
With sightlesse *Fortune* for our *Siddons* life :  
But (better to prevent a future strife)  
Out of her Trumpet *Fame* the Dice must cast,  
And play for *Chance* : so to their sport they haste,  
(As even Life and Death were at the stake)  
Straight *Fortune* blots, and *Death* the man doth take,  
Which the blind Goddess, seconded by *Fame*,  
Did here interre, and wonne the after-game.



---

## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

---

28. To Thomas May of Sutton-Chency,  
Gentleman.

Sweet Tom, that (like that Minion Earine,  
Whose Beauty great Domitian held divine)  
Dost in thy name the youth and pleasure beare,  
Beauty and lovelinesse of all the yeare;  
Yet in thy gall-lesse temper dost imply  
More sweetnesse, than that Name doth signifie:  
My true heart loves thee, (what can more be said?)  
Were I but Iove, thou wert my Ganymed.

29. On Maltworme.

This sonne of Riot spent on Ale and Beere,  
And Indian fume, two Thousand pounds a yeare:  
Yet nought for all his Angels hath to shew,  
Except a great Nose of a glorious hew,  
Worth all his body; for that is but mould,  
But his tryumphant Nose scornes beaten gold.

30. To Sampson Baker.

Sampson, whose strength not in thy Haire,  
But in thy firmer Brains-pan lyes,  
I friendly warne thee to beware  
Of reason-blinding vanities.  
By the implored helpe divine  
Of wilde affects the Lyon slay,  
Account strong Beere a Philistine,  
And th' Indian Witch a Dalilah.

31. To Thomas Dixie, Gentleman.

Thy stature is (like mine) but low,  
Yet as the Gyants once did throw  
Huge Hills on Hills, so hast thou laid  
Vast Law on Arts, and thereby made  
A passage to Fames house on high,  
Like that to Ioves, the Galaxy.

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

32. To *Amoreus*.

*How manlesse is thy dotage, to adore  
That gilded rottenesse, that poison'd core  
Of swelling prides Aposteme! Must therefore  
Thou be a sheepe, 'cause shee's a Goatish Whore?*



To Sir IOHN HARPER.

**Y**OU once my lusty Lines did like,  
(And I as well did like your Gold)  
My measure-keeping Muse doth strike  
On the same string; whose hopes are bold  
That you will daigne an eare to it,  
Sith *Hermes* (to adorne your minde)  
Hath yeelded you his pleasant Wit,  
And *Phæbus* hath his Harpe resign'd.

34. To the same.

*You have a Genius pleas'd with Verse, (I heare)  
That smoothly passeth through your cleansed eare,  
As water of Pactolus, where no stay,  
Nor downe-fall interrupts his golden way;  
For such your merits I your praise shall sing,  
Whilst you still harpe on so divine a string.*

35. To William Bottome.

Who would *Penelope's* day-worke unwind,  
Thy Name (wrapt up in Hufwifery) might finde.

36. A tricke for your Learning.

*Two Schollers in Thames-strecte were drinking hard,  
And late; to whom a Constable repair'd,  
And tax't them for't: Invited yet to drinke,  
He turn'd up Glasses, till both nod and winke  
At greatest faults he would; when sleepe at last  
Did bridle up his brutish senses fast.*



*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

*Meane while the waggish Mercuries conspire  
T'abuse him and two Water-men they hire  
To take him napping, and transport him thence  
Th' way of all Fish: who ne're recover'd sense,  
Nor from his dead sleepe found himselfe alive,  
Till both his Charons at Gravesend arrive.  
To all harsh Magistrates a warning faire,  
That they of too much Wine and Wit beware.*

*37. To Tom Dizzy.*

*Thou hast some do w-bak'd Learning I confesse,  
But leaven'd so with pride, and peevishnesse,  
That all distaste it: Mixe thy humours then  
With courteous sweetnesse, most adorning men,  
And throw proud fancies downe; so maist thou rise  
At Fortunes next rebound, and stand for wise.*

*38. To a Red-ey'd Conjuror.*

*Thine Eyes, like fire-balls, shew how hot thou art  
In love with Hell, whose Lyon rules thy heart.*



*39. To Sir Andrew Knyveton;  
in his Travaile.*

**I***F wishes, fastned to the wings of Love,  
May over-take you, and auspicious prove,  
I wish you power (in a solid soule  
And a sound body) Fortune to controule;  
I wish you ten-fold wisdom may obtaine  
To his, that ten yeares wandered on the Main;  
I wish this Travaile may bring forth your fame,  
I wish you best and happiest of your name,  
I wish all graces on your heart distill'd,  
And lastly wish these wishes all fulfill'd.*

*40. To the same at his Returne.*

*Welcome to us, as is the Morning lay  
Of the rais'd Lurke, (glad Usber of the Day).*

*My head serve as well to hymnes  
not worth reading - the Author*

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

To wearied Watch-men : for our duller hearts  
Scarce leapt from sorrow since you left our parts :  
But when their livelier palpitation told  
Your neare approach, scarce could our heart-strings hold  
Our gladnesse. This Vlyssian course of yours  
Us of your worthier qualities assures,  
Whose Knowledge is (no doubt) by travaile so  
Improv'd, that still you will beyond us goe.



41. *An Epitaph on Mistresse  
Gray, Grandmother to Sir  
Andrew Kniveton.*

**L**O here deare Reliques of the richest frame  
Of Beauty, by whose fall the Paschall Lambe  
(Her honour'd Crest) a golden Fleece hath lost,  
Kept here by Death, till with a glorious Host,  
Not Iason, but our blessed Iesus come,  
Sayling on clouds, to fetch this Treasure home.

42. *On Gentry.*

I saw once (on a Hill in Wales)  
Th' old Herald Time with dusty Scales  
Weighing of Gentry, and close by  
Stood the blind Goddesse secretly.  
Those that were brainelesse, light, and vaine,  
Did mount aloft; and those againe  
That had their weight of worth, did fall  
Low as this earthly Pedestall :  
And still as Fortune pleas'd, she made  
The Ballance move, and laugh'd, and play'd  
Her wanton pranks (too seriously)  
Ah ha, are these your tricks ? thought I ;  
Then is the cause by Fortune found,  
Why Gallants floate, and Wits are drown'd.



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

43. *Gluttons and Lechers.*

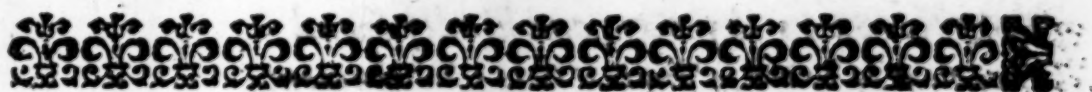
*Gluttons* are heavy hulkes, that scarce can steere;  
But *Lechers* are light Friggots, here and there.

44. *The Life of Man.*

Mans life is but a cheating game  
At Cards, and *Fortune* playes the same,  
Packing a Queene up with a Knave,  
Whilst all would winne, yet none doe save,  
But loose themselves : for *Death* is it,  
That lastly cuts, and makes his hit.

45. *To Master Farnaby.*

*Sith by the labour of thy smoothing hand*  
*We thinke we doe rough Persius understand,*  
*The Criticke-vext Petronius, Iuvenal,*  
*The full-mouth'd Maro, misty Martial.*  
*The Tragedies of high-strain'd Seneca,*  
*The noble Lucans brave Pharfalia,*  
*With the wise Morals of the Stagyrte,*  
*And Epigrammes which Grecian Muses write :*  
*We ne're shall recompence thy paine ; but Fame*  
*Will cracke her Trumpet for't, and sound thy Name.*



46. *To old Sir Iohn Harpur of  
Swarston, deceased.*

**A**S did cold *Hebrus* with deepe grones  
The Thracian Harper once lament,  
So art thou with incessant mones  
Bewayled by thy dolefull Trent,  
While the astonisht Bridge doth show  
(Like an Arch-mourner) heaviest woe.

---

*The First Book of Epigrammes.*

---

47. On Martiall Boggard.

Boggard, the Souldier, chancing in the Streete  
With a weake-witted Citizen to meete,  
That would admire his bragges; began of Warres  
To thunder dreadfully, and boast his skarres,  
Filling his mouth with names of men at Armes,  
With Musters, Marches, Stratagems, Alarmes,  
With Sallies, Camisadoes, Batteries,  
Slashing and slaughtering of his Enemies;  
Which he so lively acts, as he had beene  
At deadly blowes; when straight a Sergeant seene,  
Makes him blow for't indeed, and's cloake let flye,  
Who thus both Ensigne lost, and victory.

48. To Master Pestell of Packinton.

Lo here her labours doth my Muse commend  
To you, her *Phæbus*, and her choicest friend;  
Whose knowledge, brightned with a beame divine,  
Doth through the frowning clouds of envy shine,  
Making its splendour (like that desert flame)  
A guide to blisse, a columnne to your fame.

49. An Epitaph on Mistresse Anne  
Roberts of Naylston.

Stay, Passenger, and see thy journies end,  
Take sorrow in thy way, and kindly spend  
One pearly teare, t'inrich this Monument,  
Which a sole Sonne to a deare Mother lent:  
Whose life (her Countries losse) did still abound  
With fruits of grace, to be with glory crown'd;

\* White Characters in black Marble. And (as these\* Letters, which her worth containe)  
Was fairely white, without black vices staine:  
But lifes. best treasure wastfull time will spend;  
Goe, passenger, thou seest thy journies end.

50. To Dabbler.

Thy Muses looser Robes with many a tricke  
Are jagg'd, pink't, stucke with Flowers of Rhetorick,  
That



## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

That smell all Poësie ; yet please they none.  
How happens that ? they're out of fashion.

### 61. Ingrossers.

How doe you shave the City 'gainst the haire !  
And even would intercept the common Ayre,  
Were't in your power ! yet you leave us breath,  
To fly in curses after you to death.  
But sith you put us to such publicke losse,  
Take all our faults too, and be knaves in grosse.

### 62. An Epitaph on Alexander Hill.

An Alexander, and a Hill  
(Two lofty things) did envious Death  
At once dismount, and thus doth kill  
Our hearts too by his losse of breath,  
Whose thoughts with Vertue did advise,  
And honour'd truth, yet here he lyes.

### 63. To a Detractour.

Thou still art darting (like a Porcupine)  
Thy quills against me, faulting every line  
That my hand drawes, and with the frost-like power  
Of thy benumbed verse would nip the flower  
Of thy sweet Poësie. I wish thee show  
More favour to thy selfe, than thus to blow  
Sparkes in thine eies. Art thou not (Slave) afeard  
To plucke a couchant Lyon by the beard,  
That rous'd will rend thee ? thou but shoot'st in vaine  
Thy bolts of folly, that rebound againe  
From my unpierced Muse, whose lofty rime  
Shall (Diall-like) stand in the face of time,  
And looke it downe, when thou and thine shall lie  
Damn'd up with Dust in blind Obscurity.

### On Twitchup, the Usurer.

At once his money and his judgements eye  
This wretch puts forth, lest Hell should terrifie.

### 64. An Epitaph on William Holorensaw, the Mathematician.

Loe, in small closure of this earthly bed  
Rests he, that Heav'n's vast motions measured :

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

*Who, having knowne both of the Land and Skie  
More than fam'd Archimed or Ptolomy,  
Would further presse, and like a Palmer went  
With's Iacobs Staffe beyond the Firmament.*

56. *To Briskape the Gallant.*

*Though thou hast little judgment in thy head,  
More than to dresse thee, drinke, and goe to bed,  
Yet mayst thou take the wall, and th' way shalt lead,  
Sith Logick wills that simple things preceede.*

57. *On a French Knight, and Mistris Wolley.*

*A wanton Knight, borne, wed, and curst in France,  
Came to our English Court, and there by chance  
Wooes, and re-weds a faire and vertuous Maid:  
Which wrong of love being by time bewray'd,  
He (lest his Weddings Destiny should turne  
To Hanging) leaves his second choice to mourne:  
Who Wife, nor Widow, Maid nor Whore doth prove,  
What is she then? a Quintessence in love.*

58. *To the Slanderer, Stinks.*

*Could I but worke a Transformation strange  
On thee, whose malice pricks and rankles so,  
I would thy Carrion to a Thistle change,  
Which Asses baite upon, and Rusticks mow.*



59. *To Sir Gilbert Knyveton.*

ANAGRAMME.

Turne to be Kingly.

**H***E that can rule his little Ile of Man,  
(Girt with a waving Maine of misery,  
And his affeets to lames of Reason can  
Rightly submit, may claime a Monarchy;  
And by such Empire may more honour gaine  
Than he that serves his Gold, yet Masters Spaine.*



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

60. To a *Muftian*, on his hurt finger.

Thy Lute, that late seem'd in a desperate case,  
(Like a torne vagrant without Hat or Band)  
May hope to have its Treble match the Base,  
Sith thy hurt finger's on the mending hand.



61. An Epitaph on Captaine *Knyveton*.

**H**ere lyes a Traveller, (that least would lye)  
One that in Belgia, France, and Tuscany,  
With other Regions of remoter site,  
In a progressive warfare tooke delight;  
But being now with Peace more highly blest,  
Hath laid his Musket by, and here's his Rest.

62. The brevity of Mans life.

Who would regard this brunt of life? which is  
In times long tract a short parenthesis,  
Drawne with bent lines upon (this earthly stage)  
Of creeping infancy and crooked age.



63. To *Mistris Dorothy Harpur*, (now the Lady  
*Fitzherbert*.)

*A N A G R A M M E.*

Pure Hart I hoord.

**L**et stupid worldlings stuffe their chests with gold;  
Their glittering pelfe doth no proportion hold  
With the Soules beauties, nor so safe doth lye  
As thy rich worth, whose brest's a treasury.

64. To *Mr. William Roberts* watch-maker.  
Kind friend, that, in this iron age unkind,  
Dost worke thy Fortunes out of Brasse, and finde

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

That mettle softer than the hearts of friends :  
Be rich in patience, till a faire amends  
Fortune shall make, who downe-right cannot wound.  
One that a head-piece beares so strong and found.



76. An Epitaph on the King of Sweden.

**H**ere lies a sparkling Iem of honor, quencht  
In deare effused blood, and sadly drencht  
In a salt Ocean of inundant teares :  
Yet lofty Fame (in clouds triumphing) beares  
His name : that in more heavenly Poems like  
Phœbus shall shine, and Austria Planet-strike.

76. To William Fernegan, Gent.

*Anagramme.*

*I value my Learning;*  
Well mayst thou value at the highest price  
That plant, that makes thy braine a Paradise :  
To whose rare excellent the Iems most bright  
But cloudy are, and sollid gold too light.

77. To Captayne Roberts.

Captayne, that Conquered hast my heart  
By force of Love, and truely art  
To truth and innocence an ayde :  
Nor art (as others) basely sway'd  
By gifts or favours of the great,  
In a bad cause to sweare and sweate :  
While such as I (whose hearts do hold  
Cleare truth, not troubled much with gold)  
Of villaines wrongs might oft complaine,  
Yet tune our wind-pipes still in vaine :  
My strongest verse shall guard your name,  
And Bulwarke it 'gainst bold defame,  
Whilst you against the wracke of time,  
Shall stand as Genitis to my Rime.



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

78. To Trent.

Sweet River, on whose flowery Margin layd,  
I with the slippery Filh have often playd  
At fast and loose: when ere th' enamour'd ayre  
Shall in soft sighes mine ecchoed accents beare,  
Gently permit the smother verse to slide  
On thy sleeke bosome, and in triumph ride  
Vnto the Mayne: where when it sounds along,  
Let Tritons dance, and Syrens learne my song.

79. To Swarston.

Swarston, when I behold thy pleasant sight,  
Whose River runs a progresse of Delight,  
Ioy'd with the beauties of fresh flowery plaines,  
And bounteous fields, that crowne the Plow-mans paines:  
I sigh (that see my native home estrang'd)  
For Heaven, whose Lord and tenure's never chang'd.

80. On Pillard with his Periwig.

Pillard, thy Head seemes in a monstrous case,  
That weares a French crowne with an English face.

81. To Grace-dieu.

Grace-dieu, that under Charnwood stand'st alone,  
As a grand Relicke of Religion,  
I reverence thine old (but fruitfull) worth;  
That lately brought such noble Beaumonts forth,  
Whose brave Heroick Muses might aspire,  
To match the Anthems of the Heavenly Quire.  
The mountaines crown'd with rocky fortresses,  
And sheltering woods, secure thy happinesse,  
That highly favour'd art (though lowly plac'd)  
Of Heaven, and with free natures bounty grac'd,  
Herein grow happier, and that blisse of thine,  
Nor Pride ore-top, nor Envy undermine.

82. On a curst wife.

VVhat painfull sorrows wretched man consume!  
That burn'd with Feavers is, or drown'd with Rhume,  
Rackt with Convulsions, wrung with Stranguries,  
Fe.ter'd with Gouts, or goar'd with Plurisies,

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

*If all such mischiefs throw not downe his life  
To Hell-ward, damne him to a scolding wife.*

83. *On Poets.*

These Darlings of free Nature want no vigour  
Of braine, and therefore to grow rich are liker  
Than weaker heads, and might be blest with Angels,  
(For which the Souldier fights, and Lawyer wrangles)  
Did not their lofty Fancies 'bove the Welkin  
Still soare, whilst others are for Treasures delving.  
But fie, my verse is foundr'd, all this time  
I dream'd on riches, I but rav'd in rime.

84. *Our Grandames infirmities.*

Earth had her dropſie in th' all-drowning Flood,  
And now expects her burning Feaver neare:  
Her Pluriſies effuſions are of blood  
By wars: her Agues, tremblings of her Spheare  
Which whether yet it proove vertiginous  
With round rotations, aſke Copernicus,

85. *Of Warre.*

War's like a curst wife, whence a man may cull  
Some fruites of goodnesse, (though of mischief full:)  
For those land-surfeits wanton peace doth breed,  
Warre by incision cures, when Kingdomes bleed.

86. On *Scheltco*, the *Astrologer*.

Scheltco, that saw the heavenly Squadrons rang'd  
In a strange fashion, and their postures chang'd,  
Pretended by those starry lights to see  
That the Worlds end in Eighty Eight should be :  
And so too thought the Spaniards, (as appears)  
That tooke their leave of it with brinish teares.

[illegible]

87. To *John Fretchville* Esquire.

\* Sir Peter  
Freschville  
was honoured  
by the name  
of the *White*  
Knight.

A Good mans Center is his Countries love,  
Whither your weighty worth doth swiftly move  
After your fathers, whom to honour, bright  
*Phæbus* did friendly aime, and hit the \* *white*.



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

88. *The New World.*

*Some in the Moone another World have found,  
Whose brighter parts are Seas, the darker, Ground :  
Which were it true, we should have Moone-calves tost  
From those sharpe whirling Hornes to every Coast :  
And a wild World it were, and full of tricks,  
Where all Inhabitants were Lunaticks.*

89. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

*Idols I hate, yet would to Sidneys wit  
Offer Castalian healths, and kneele to it.*

90. *To Charnwood.*

*Charnwood, if all thy Stones were turn'd to Bread,  
(As once the Fiend did such a motion make)  
It would be more than Zerxes fed,  
Or Tenariffe and Aetna both could bake ;  
And hungry Charles (that raile at Souldiers)  
Would rend up Rock-bread, and turne Pioners.*

91. *On a Woman.*

*When Man lay dead-like, Woman tooke her life  
From a crook't Embleme of her Nuptiall strife ;  
And hence (as bones would be at rest) her ease,  
Shee loves so well, and is so hard to please.*

92. *On the same.*

*Woman was once a Ribbe, (as Truth hath said)  
Else, sith her tongue runnes wide from every point,  
I should have dream'd her substance had beene made  
Of Adams whirle-bone, when it was out o' th' joynt.*

93. *On the motion of the Starres.*

*Artists affirme that from the burning Line  
Some Starres of Aries North-ward now decline,  
And the slow-pac'd Cynosure appears  
Nearer the fixt Pole, than in former yeares :  
No marvell then blind Mortals walke astray,  
When Heav'ns cleare cies have lost their wonted way.*

94. *On Gluttony and Lechery.*

*These fleshy Factors for the Devill deale,  
The one in grosse, the other by retaile.*

---

*The First Book of Epigrammes.*

---



97. To the Honorable Esquire, *JOHN MAN-  
NOVS* of *HADDON*.

**Y**our Honour'd ancestour was stiled King  
Of the high Peake, for royall House-keeping:  
And well yourself approves your noble straine  
Of Kindred, by that bounty you maintaine:  
Whose rarenesse in this iron age bewrayes  
A golden Mind, and precious makes your praise.



98. To our Queene *MARIE*.

**H**ow are You compast with a Ruby-chayne  
Of hearts, deare Queen! that with an endles raigne  
Of joy unto You: whose sweet name to all  
Sounds mirth, and seemes a heavenly Virginall.

99. To Vicar Blunder.

Those iron Lungs of thine, and throat of brasse,  
(To whose crackt bore loud Stentors wind-pipe was  
But a small Reed) cannot with vengeance sacke  
Our garnisht wals, or painted windows cracke.  
Whereat thou weep'st, as if the fervent paine  
Of zealous grieve did melt thy Leaden braine:  
Yet (as a puddle soone congeales to Ice)  
Thou straight art hardned to thy quaffing vice.  
Thus deepe mouth'd Thumper, after fruitlesse paine  
In hunting Counter, fals to's lappe againe.

100. On Iohn the Warrener, false in love with  
Ioane the Net-worker.

T'Intrappoore creatures he accounts no sin,  
But is himselfe now taken with a Gin.

101. To the Lord Verulam.

Had I a tongue of all Frier Bacons brasse,  
Which should (they say) have wal'd this Iland round,  
I scarcely could how deepe thy knowledge was,  
With all the strength of such an Organ sound



## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

*Fame cannot do't, her trumpet it would split:  
Why then should words blow wind on such a wit?*

### 105. To Nathaniel Carpenter, on his Geography.

*So well I like the structure of thy Spheare,  
(Whereon thou seem'st an obeliske to reare  
To thy fames wonder,) that my Muse preferres  
Thy skill before th' Ephesian \* Carpenters.*

\*Cherisiphons  
Architect of  
Dianacs Tem-  
ple.

### 106. To a Tell-tale.

*Thy glowing eares, to hot contention bent,  
Are not unlike red Herings, broyl'd in Lent.*

### 107. To Baull, the Cryer.

*In thy rude Parish (as thou dost professe)  
Thou'rt like the Baptist in the wildernesse:  
Yet ere for conscience off thy head should go,  
Thou wouldst not cry Oyes, but roare out No.*



### 108. To our King CHARLES.

*Y Our royall Father our right Atlas was,  
And you as high this happy Realme sustaine,  
Whose wisedomes glory (as a gemmy glasse  
For noblest Kings) out-shines the Arctick waine.  
So, though bright Iupiter were set, the skies  
Could lacke no lustre, when the Sunne did rise.*

### 109. On deafe Joan, the Ale-wife.

*She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,  
Iust like a sounding Iugge, that wants an eare.*

### 110. Copernicus his opinion.

*Copernicus did thinke those Orbes above,  
Stood as Spectators, while the earth did move:  
Nor did he farre from ground of reason stray,  
Sith earth takes paines, and Heav'n keeps holy-day.*

D

111. To

---

*The First Book of Epigrammes.*

---



III. To our Prince CHARLES.

**R**Ich summe of all our hopes on Earth,  
Great Heire of *England*, at your birth  
Heaven put his cloudy tresses by,  
And smil'd on us with open skie,  
Whilst all the Planets seem'd to throw  
Their golden radiance at your brow.  
A cleare presage, that favours shall  
From Heaven upon your Highnesse fall,  
And thence on us reflecting, glance  
On the glibbe Ocean into *France*.

III 2. To Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, on his Wife.

*Others by Children lengthen out their life,  
Thou onely art eterniz'd by thy wife.*

III 3. To Zounds the Swaggerer.

What dost thou meane to revell roare, and spend?  
To drinke, and drabbe, and sweare so? wilt thou rend  
Thy way to Hell? The Devill will spy day  
At a small hole, and snatch his Chuck away.

III 4. To the same.

*What Gulfe's within thee, that thou swallow'st so?  
Is it to drowne all thirst before thou goe  
To that Infernall hot-house? such a ground  
Of reason's deeper than I list to sound.*

III 5. A point of hard fortune.

A thiefe, that of a Ramme had gelt the Flock,  
And ty'd him 'bout his necke, upon a Rocke  
Laid his fat load, intending there to rest  
His weary shoulders: but the captive beast  
Straining and struggling for release, at last  
Beyond the pointed stone his body cast,  
Whose weight crusht out the fellows breath anon,  
That was both strangely hang'd, and dy'd o'th' Stone.



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

116. To George Slanders, on his Marriage.

*Thy basenesse us'd thy Friend in hostile sort,  
But hath not Wedlocke swar'd the Woodcock for't?*

117. To Th. Ch. Esquire.

*Your noble Genius holds (as doth appeare)  
The very shadows of the Muses deare,  
Who with proud maintenance have leaven'd those,  
That scarce will give you thanks in humble Prose,  
Nor in high Verse can doe't: So on a sinke  
Shines lovely Phæbus, though his object stinke.*

118. To Shakespeare.

*Thy Muses sugred dainties seeme to us  
Like the fam'd Apples of old Tantalus:  
For we (admiring) see and heare thy straines,  
But none I see or heare, those sweets attaines.*

119. To the same.

*Thou hast so us'd thy Pen, (or shooke thy Speare)  
That Poets startle, nor thy wit come neare.*

120. To Aston Cokaine, Esquire.

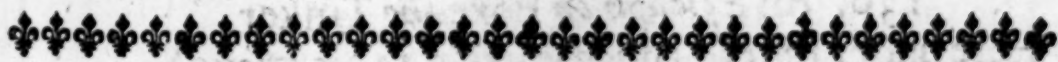
*He that with Learning, Vertue doth combine,  
May (though a Laick) passe for a divine  
Piece of perfection. Such to all mens sight  
Appeares your selfe: who, if you take delight  
In these composures, your applausive show  
Will stampe conceits, and make them currant goe.*

121. The World.

*The World's a Forrest, (maim'd with fatall strokes)  
Where Wolves and Foxes are wilde youths desires,  
Where dead men Ashes are, the living, Oakes;  
And Cats and Women are but scratching Bryers.*

122. On Blinks, a pretender to Poetry.

*He nine wayes looks, and needs must learned be,  
That all the Muses at one view can see.*



123. To William Coke Esquire.

**I***F Gallants would your wayes of goodnesse chuse,  
Each Gentleman would gentle manners use.*

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

*And (to our honour) th' English Court would be  
A High-gate, leading to faire curtesie.*

124. *An Epitaph on M<sup>rs</sup>. Hope Alford.*  
Keep off, prophaner feete; here sleeping lyes  
A sacred Nimph, that vertue did adore,  
And treasur'd all the blessings of the skies:  
Whose well-fraught vessell, hasting to the shore,  
Strucke deepe into these Sands: but with a tyde  
Of glory shall be rais'd, and stellifi'd.

125. *Peace and Warre.*  
*Weapons in peace grow hungry, and will eate  
Themselves with rust: but War allows them meate.*

126. *An adumbration of Mans life.*  
As pleas'd the Father of all lights, he made  
Man as a Gnomon, and his life the shade:  
Which, when it hath bin this and that way throwne  
In any projects, with a breath is gone.

127. *Dulman to Ignoramus.*  
*Friend, thou this Terme the bragging Boores hast gelt,  
And grow'st so fat, thy belly rots thy Belt.*

128. *Ignoramus his reply.*  
What should I do but geld them? when so kind  
The Rustickes are, to give me wealth for wind.



129. *To Sir Iohn Fitzherbert of Narbury.*

*S*ome worthy cause doth make your Country hold  
Your selfe so deare: It is sweet curtesie,  
And goodnesse, that adornes you more than gold,  
And wins more honour than a crowne can buy.  
For though great vices titles rot, the same  
Of vertue keeps her sound, and spreads her name.

130. *An Epitaph on Foxe the Tinker.*  
Here under resteth (deep-earth'd in his grave)  
A Foxe old and wily, that smell'd of a Knave:  
Yet every day mending, grew holier of late,  
And took's hammer with him to knocke at Heav'n gate.



*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

131. On Pride.

*Why Pride to others doth her selfe prefer,  
The reason's cleare, she's heire to Lucifer.*

132. The Miller to the King.

*Scorne not the Miller, King: for thou with wind  
Thy Mill-like frame dost move, and wands grind  
Into thy stomackes bag; and Death that takes,  
Toule in a Coffin, no distinction makes.*

133. On Captayne Milward, lying dead  
upon Trent banks.

*Behold (like treasure in the Banke) a sonne  
Of Mars, that had his fathers honor wonne  
Out of the fire, yet in water dy'd,  
And thus his thirst of glory satisfi'd.*

134. On the same.

*For thy deaths sake (noble friend)  
Be no man before his end  
Happy thought, though flattering fame  
Fixe amongst the Starres his name:  
He that leanes on wealth or strength,  
Breakes his staffe, and falls at length.*

135. To Iohn Milward Esquire:

*Though natures force for such a brothers fate  
Your teares exact, yet cease to macerate  
Your selfe: the water-Nymphs enough for all  
Will weep, and keep a fluent superall.*

136. To Doctor Donne.

*Thy Muses gallantry doth farre exceed  
All ours; to whom thou art a Don indeed.*

137. To the Lords of the privy Councell.

*You, that the eyes of this faire Iland are,  
How much concernes it you to have a care  
That you from filmes of ignorance be free,  
From pearles of pride, and rhumes of gluttony,  
Nor in the flatterers Fennell take delight,  
But hearbe of Grace, that makes a perfit sight!*

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

138. *The foure Elements.*

Natures large Empire of *Tetrarchy*  
Of Elements consists, that mutually  
Make warre: what wise man then can hope for rest,  
Whom foure unruly *Naturals* molest?

139. *On a good Phisitian over-matcht  
with an ill wife.*

All Hearbs that painefull *Dioscorides*,  
Or *Theophrast*, or twenty such as these  
Have ere described, his vast Learning knows,  
Yet almost hath forgot where Hearts-case growes.

140. *On Nell Luffy.*

*Charons* unwearied Boate to burning Hell  
Carried all commers; so does rampant *Nell*.

141. *On Celestiall bodies.*

Some make the Heaven a *Quintessentiall* frame,  
And some the Starres but *Elementall* fire:  
Who would the Probleme cleare, let him the same  
Of *Lucifer* (the Morning Starre) enquire.

142. *Death, a sure friend.*

The *Flesh* and *Spirit* ever fighting are,  
But *Death* soone parts them: Is't not then a friend,  
That our dull *terrene* matter off doth pare,  
And makes the flame-like forme to Heaven ascend?

143. *A Cure for Impatience.*

Who *Patience* wants, a Rod to him preferre,  
And let him *Angler* turne, or *Schoole-master*.

144. *On the same.*

Who would be patient, waite he at the Poole  
For Bull-heads, or on Block-heads in the Schoole.

145. *To I. P. an old Fencer.*

Jacke, thou hast often ventur'd for the Prize  
Of Fortitude, and art reputed wise:  
For, being beaten to the World, and well  
Stricken in yeares, thy prudence may excell.

146. *Time alters all things.*

All suffer change; by turnes we rise and fall  
Of Time, that serves his Proceffe upon all,



*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*



147. To Gilbert Knyveton, Gentleman.

**Y**ou beare his Name that beare me much good-will,  
And bound me with the golden tyés of Love.  
T'addresse my service to his Off-spring still;  
Whose true devoire may it accepted prove,  
So shall the wandring Staire of my desire  
Be culminant, nor farther needs t'aspire.

148. On Sleepe.

Sleepe binds the Senses, but at liberty  
It sets the Soule, and mocks the fantasie  
With strange illusions, playing (Jugler-like)  
At fast and loose, till Death in earnest strike.

149. To Hugh the Cryer.

Thou still dost hawle and brabble, none knowes why,  
That all the Towne sounds of a Husband cry.

150. A good wife dyet.

That which upholds our tottering walls of flesh  
Is food; and that which doth our wits refresh  
Is wholesome Study: for like stronger Fare  
Be solid Arts, but Sweet-meates Poems are.

151. To the prime Lady Fainebe.

When thou beholdest in thy Mimick Glasse  
Thy forme, that most of Beauties doth surpass  
In Natures dainties, wisely then compare  
Thy Feature to thy Mirrour bright and faire,  
But fraile and brittle, shatter'd with one blow  
Into a thousand splinters: thus bestow  
Thy cogitations, and thy plumes of pride  
Low as thy Grave will fall, and there abide.

152. To Sir Eandleffe Ramkin.

What? art thou Knighted? why, thy meanes are small,  
And thy flush Lady now will lavish all  
Vpon her backe, save what she doth bestow  
Vpon thy brow, to make thy Knight-hood show.

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

156. To the same,  
*Knighthood's come on thee (as a man should throw  
Gold on a dunghill,) and thy Lady so  
Sutes with thy greatnes, that her gowne will be  
In stead of coat of armes, and honour thee.*

157. To Doctor Butler, in his last sicknesse.  
How angry seemes the Fates at thee,  
(Rare man!) that thousands hast set free  
From their arrests, and (sure) didst make  
Those adamantine Sisters quake,  
Left through thine Arte their power should  
Both be contemned and controul'd:  
But Death into his vengefull jawes,  
This Butlers selfe now rudely draws.

158. To the Lord Sittysense.  
*Your greatnes with your Dwarfes delights to passe  
The time, and makes your Foole your looking-glasse.*

159. To Captaine James, after his intended discovery of the North-west passages.  
Captaine, that hast endur'd ten thousand knockes  
'Gainst floating Iles of Ice, and settled Rockes,  
Out-daring tempests with undaunted sense,  
And dulling sharpest colds with patience,  
Meeting more dangers than each tedious day  
Had houres: too ill proud Fortune did repay  
Thy hazards: yet (to th'honor of thy name)  
The North-west passage prov'd thy way to Fame.

160. On the Searchers of the North-west passage.  
*Those that make prooffe of what the Spaniards say,  
Of that short Cut into the Southerne Maine,  
Are like yong Gallants that with Cheaters play  
At passage, and with losse repent in vaine.*

161. Loves Remedy.  
Withdraw the fewell from Loves piercing fire  
By abstinence, or come not neere unto't  
By dalliance; so mayst thou quench desire:  
If not, let marriage for thee do't.



## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

### 162. The Pulpets complaynt of a Diabolicall Lye.

Strong was I built, else had I surely bin  
Crusht to the ground by thy grand weight of sinne,  
Whose pride hath father'd many a loathsome lie,  
On the sweet Saints, Bernard and Hillary,  
Grave Augustine, with others; and doth vent  
More foolish Bulls, than ere the Popedome sent  
Into the world: nor ever Sermon makes,  
But straight turnes vagrant, and the text forsakes.  
Base sonne of Levi, that didst never know  
Thy father, nor thy pedegree canst show  
By th' Booke: if yet thou hast one graine of grace,  
Rub off that brazen morphew from thy face,  
Do as the begger on a Sunny day  
Does by his Lice, throw baser lies away,  
And either ballast that light skull of thine  
With learnings weight, that makes a grave Divine,  
Or at the Altars hornes (for oathes and lies)  
Hang a worse Priest than ere did sacrifice.

### 163. The Lye.

Twelve stones wore Aaron on his brest, but I  
Looke but for one, the \* Embleme of a lye.

The  
whet-  
stone.

### 164. Naked Love.

Nature allowes her Birds and Beasts to weare  
Light armour of warme Feathers, Woolle, and Haire,  
And unto man gives providence, t' enfold  
Himselfe in garment:, 'gainst invasive cold:  
Why then should tender Love be left to go  
Naked alone? because 'tis hottest so.

### 165. An Epitaph on George Agard, Gent.

Here lyes in a dead sleep (unheard and unseene)  
Not high George a horse-backe, nor stout Georg a Greene,  
But joviall George Agard, made round as a Bowle,  
From Taverne to Ale-house the better to bowle.  
Who 'mongst witty Clerkes many pounds having spent,  
Whipt Petties for pennies, and thus was content  
In Schoole to do pennance by paynes-taking great,  
That so with his owne rod himselfe he might beat.

E

Thus

## *The First Book of Epigrammes.*

Thus casting the *flesh* downe, his *Spirit* did even  
Mount up at rebound, to drinke *Nectar* in Heaven.

166. On Nuptiall love.

Adam (*before his fall*) did fall alone  
In love with Eve, who of-spring yet had none ;  
So that the prime and liveliest touch of all  
Loves Consorts, is th' affection conjugall.

167. On Church-bells.

Some Novellists, that Conscience most pretend  
With Caps and Surplisses themselves offend ;  
Others dare raile at other matters else,  
As at the Ring, but few against the Bells :  
Which should they taxe, the Ropes would undertake  
To answer for them, and all quiet make.

168. Evacuation of the foure humours.

Mans head is purg'd (as Galenssonnes declare)  
Of Blood and Phlegme by th' Nose, and by the Haire  
Of melancholicke drosse ; but choler will  
Have him by th' eares, and that way vents her ill.

169. On the Kings Iester.

How plump's the Libertine ! how rich and trimme !  
He jests with others, Fortune jests with him.

170. To cracking Iohn.

Fye, make not wise men mad by boasting so,  
Sith every child thy sillinesse doth know,  
Whose vaporious braine might in a Cherry-stone  
Be lodged ; cracke't, and where's the kernell Iohn ?

171. To Humphrey Okeover, Esquire.

I sometimes heard a kind of Prophecie,  
That your name should in faire Longevity  
Equall the Tree of *Love* : which may it bide  
Like Royall Cedar, never putrifid,  
Nor otherwise impair'd ; so sound a fame  
To you I wish, and your well-timber'd name.

172. To Robert Lincolne, Gentleman.

Deare Sir, your Fates looke, as our Proverb sayes,  
The devill look't o're Lincolne, and would raise



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

*Contempt against your worth ; whose honour'd name  
Stands Ensigne-like, defying base defame.*

173. *On Thomas Draper, Gentleman.*

I need not wrappe this *Draper* in the cleane  
Linnen of plausible Verse, and yet I meane  
That the indearements of our love shall goe  
In as faire dressings as my Muse can show.  
For our affections have with many a graine  
Of Salt beene season'd, and will still remaine  
Sound and unshooke, while Thousands will their hands  
To Friendship set, yet breake her strictest bands.

174. *To T. R.*

How shall I plague thee for thy villanies !  
That meane thy beaten bulke to pulverize,  
And in an Houre-glasse (while swift Time can flye)  
Tosse, turne, and yexe thy powder pittcouly.

175. *To Sir Henry Merry deceased.*

When I have number'd all the golden graines  
By Tagus washt, or Femmes in hidden veines  
Of the deepe Earth, then may I here recite  
Thy faire and rich endowments, worthy Knight :  
Which since we want, we weepe, as if we would  
Supply with Pearles what dearer was than Gold :  
But (teares exhausted) sadly sigh alone,  
And frowne at mirth, now noble Merry's gone.

176. *On old Trudge the Termer.*

Thy practice hath small reason to expect  
Good termes, that doth faire honesty neglect.

177. *Christmas in a Consumption.*

Old Christmas seemes a weakling child againe,  
( A Child of twelve dayes old ) nor can containe  
Himselfe from soft teares and excessive mone,  
Now his kind Nurse, good House-keeping, is gone.  
Cookees (that their fingers lick't) their hands may wring,  
And Butlers o're their sounding Hogsheads sing  
Sad notes : for now their Offices are throwne  
Upon the backe of Pride, and all's her owne.

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

178. *On the Ocean.*

How strangely doth the humid Ocean moove  
By some impulsion from the Spheares above !  
And seemes indeed a lesse terrestriall skye,  
Whose bubbles, starres; and foame's the *Galaxie*.

179. *An Epitaph on Walter Merry, Gent.*

*Here buried lyes his kindred stop,  
And flower of worth renown'd,  
Whom ruder fates too soone did crop,  
T Embosome thus in ground :  
Who, having drunke the heavenly dew  
Of grace, blind Natures guide,  
Straight (like the Heliotrope) withdrew,  
Clos'd up his sweets, and dy'd.  
Yee virgin Nymphs, with many a teare  
Your Christall Viols fill,  
And all those liquid treasures here  
Upon this Grave distill,  
That Roses here and Violets  
From beauty sowne below  
May spring, to decke your Coronets,  
And sweeten all your woe.*

180. *On old Sharke.*

*Sharke bad me to his roast, but in the end  
Forc'd me to pay both for my selfe and friend :  
Thus (though a Coward) shew'd he mettle yet,  
In beating of me with a silver spit.*

181. *To Bertholdus Swart, Inventor of the Gun.*

*Berthold, thou aptly wast surnamed Swart,  
From the blacke mischiefe, which thy darke some Art  
First brought to light : whereat the Furies frowne  
To see their torturing Engines all put downe  
By one of thine, whose thunder made to shake  
Hels deepest ground-worke, and the Divels quake ;  
Yea, mightiest armies hath to spoilefull death  
Sent with a powder, and depriv'd of breath  
More then all Mars his brondirons ere did kill,  
Yet gapes for prey, and roares for slaughter still.*



---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

182. The greatest *Clerkes*, not the wisest *men*.  
What fancies float in some mens heads ! as those  
That in the \* *Dragon* and great *Beare* suppose  
Some *Stars* to shine, whose power hailes amayne  
The marine waters tow'r'd the *Arcticke* wayne :  
Which were to make that payre of *Beasts* to draw  
More than all ere were yoked, or *Nature* saw.

\* two *Nor-*  
*therne* *as-*  
*trismes.*

183. On *Tobacco* taking.  
Th'old *Germans*, that their *Divinations* made  
From *Asses* heads upon hot embers laid,  
Saw they but now what frequent fumes arise  
From such dull heads, what could they prophesize  
But speedy firing of this worldly frame,  
That seemes to stinke for feare of such a flame.

184. *Maides* and *Wives*.  
*Maides* are white papers, which no hand did bind :  
But *wives* are blotted bookes, and interlin'd.

The prayse of *Poverty*.  
If smallest thread the choicest cloath doth yeild,  
If finest herbage make the daintiest field :  
Then slender *poverty*, wrought with so small  
And thin a fortune, must be best of all.

185. To *William Lilly*.  
Grand Schoole-master, some livelier twigs of *Bayes*  
Shall sticke thy *Tombe*, that merit'st ample prayse :  
For though the *Lawrell* never *Lilly* beare,  
Yet such a *Lilly* may the *Lawrell* weare.

186. On *Excessive* drinking.  
Is aged *Nature* so exhaust and dry,  
That men now drinke so much, so greedily ?  
Or is *Hells* torrid region neerer to  
Us than it sometimes was ? It seemeth so :  
For townes smell hot of it in every nooke,  
And husbands like her horned monsters looke.

187. On *Carnall* mirth.  
Mirth is but a *Musicke*-strayne,  
Playd upon a fretted heart.

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

Whose harsh strings so much complaine  
Of the want of Wisedomes Art,  
That rude Death in discontent  
Strikes to ground the Instrument.

188. To a young and wealthy wanton.  
*I wonder not to see thee play, that art  
One of blind Fortunes puppies, pretty heart.*

189. The Egyptian Isthmus.  
Were *Egypt's Isthmus* cut, the Natives feare  
The angry Red-sea to the ground would beare  
Their *Pyramids*, and men like sheepe would dye  
Of the *Red water*, stain'd with cruelty.

190. The Prodigall, on himselfe.  
*Ingenious Dædalus, whose Art out-went  
All fancies of the Greekes, and did invent  
Large net-like sayles, to catch all winds that blew,  
Which made the Poets fable that he flew,  
Did scarce deserve so high a fame as I,  
That bravely make bright Gold and Silver flye.*

191. To old Canker, a wicked Gardener.  
Our Grandfire in a Garden fell, where thou  
All vicious licence dost thy selfe allow:  
Nor can sharpe warnings penetrate thy heart,  
That in thy Trade of lewdnesse rooted art.

192. To John Ford, the Poet.  
*The Verse must needs be current (at a word)  
That issues from a sweet and fluent Ford.*

193. To his Brother Iohn Bancroft deceased.  
You sold your Land, the lightyer hence to goe  
To forraine Coasts: (yet Fates would have it so)  
Did ne're *New-England* reach, but went with them  
That Iourney towards *New Ierusalem*.

194. The penitent Prodigall, to his  
loose-bodied Mistresses.  
*Hence tempting trifles, hence, I here desie  
Your sighs and teares, your smiles and flattery.  
Your vertues are but vizards, and your wiss  
But wandering flames, that lead men into pits.*



## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

Be Fooles your play-fellows; Ple trust no more  
Women than waves, that flow to every shore,  
Offering their forward boldnesse unto all,  
Yet when they are at proudest, backward fall.

### 196. On Lust.

Lust is a Wildernesse, where wantons sow  
Their wilder seeds, not caring how they grow.

### 197. To Iustice Much-ill.

You terme your selfe a Pillar of this Land,  
As if our Realme on rotten propps did stand:  
But who their Tenants to the quick will pare,  
Not Pillars they, but Caterpillars are.

### 198. A Prince and a Parasite.

Like Cleopatra suckling of a Snake  
Is that unhappy Prince, that much doth make  
Of a base Parasite, that baskes in sinne,  
And folds infection in a Lizards skinne.

### 199. Of Man.

Man is an Engine, mov'd with Reasons weight,  
But Death, that stops his breath, unwinds him streight.

### 200. Of the Ethiopian Mountaine, Amara.

On this faire Mountaine, sphericall and high,  
Stands (as fame goes) a precious Library,  
Where Livies whole worke, Enochs Oracles,  
Salomons Physicks, and some mysteries else  
That did survive the Flood, entreasur'd lye,  
Insulting o're Times wastefull tyranny.  
O could I thither reach! then should I stand  
High in the Muses grace, and all command.

### 201. Mans gradation.

We climbe the slippery staire of Infancy,  
Of Childhood, Youth, of middle age; and then  
Decline, grow old, decrepit, bed-rid lye,  
Bending to infant-weaknesse once agen;  
And to our Cophines (as to Cradles goe,  
That at the staire-foot stand, and stint our woe.

## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

### 202. To Envy.

Envy, thy part so basely acted is,  
That even in contempt thy Snakes do hisse.

### 203. On Greene-wit Gosling.

Gosling did want his Courtly termes of late,  
And did desire the wooing phrase to know :  
But having tendered love, with scornfull hate  
Hath beene repulst, and finds the way to woe.

### 204. Hope of preferment.

A sweete enchauntresse is the flattering hope  
Of dignity, that gives the phansie scope  
To wander to Elyzium, and doth keepe  
The wit still waking, though the Conscience sleepe.

### 205. Loves Motion.

Kind Love, whose motion deepe affection showes,  
From th'outward sense to th'inward Center goes.

### 206. To Plots, a pretender to the Mathematicks.

Thou sai'st, thou by thy figur'd Art dost know  
How much broad cloath about the earth will go.  
But would thy Charity a garment make  
For it, in honor might'st thou equall Drake,  
When Fame should say of two such men of note,  
Drake made the earth a girdle, Plots a coate.

### 207. To Mr. Henry Mellor, the first Major of Darby.

You seeme the prime bough of an ample tree,  
Whereon if faire expel'd fruits we see:  
Whilst others fames with ranke reproaches meete,  
As Mel or Manna shall your name be sweete.

### 208. To Innocent Heartlesse, on his Imperious Wife.

Not without cause thou still dost weep and pule,  
For still raines Winter where the wife doth rule.

### 209. On Hypocrites in friendship.

False friends are like to Cuckoos, that will haunt  
Our pleasant walks, and scurvily will chaunt  
I th' Spring, and part of Summer: but of all  
The flocke not one attends you at the fall.



*The First Booke of Epigrammes,*

210. To Sir John Carzon.

Your Ancestours were men of generous parts,  
Whose bounty (as in free-hold) held all hearts :  
Yet were for solid wisdom short of you,  
That long were tutour'd by a learned \* Crew.

\* Sir Thomas  
Crew his Fa-  
ther in law.

211. To a lying Villaller.

False tales are like Trap-doores, which still to bolt  
With Oaths against the truth, is to revolt  
From him we vow'd to follow, love, and feare.  
If therefore thou dost hold that Jewell deare,  
For which our Lord a bloody price did pay,  
Give not the Devill leave a claw to lay  
Upon it, whiles thou wouldst the truth disprove,  
And (like thy hang'd Signe) with each winde dost move.  
For he's above, that closest faults will bring  
To light, and call mine Host to th' reckoning.

212. To Mistresse Mutable.

Love runnes within your veines, as it were mixt  
With Quick-silver, but would be wisely fixt :  
For though you may for beauty beare the Bell,  
Yet ever to ring Changes sounds not well.

213. To a Giglot, with her greene sicknesse.

Thy sicknesse mocks thy pride, that's seldome scene  
But in fooles yellow, and the Lovers greene.

214. To John Gell, Esquire.

If Gell from Gellius come, your pedegree  
May (like a Pike) be trayl'd from Italy:  
Whose farre-fam'd valour the remotest parts  
Of Earth hath wonne, as you a world of hearts.

215. On Wood of Kent, that prodigious  
Gormund.

Some wonder how the Stone Sarcophagus  
Consumes dead bodies with so quicke a power,  
But I asstonied am my selfe, that thus  
A walking Wood should such a masse devour  
Of meates, wherewith a Garrison might dine :  
His heart's of Oake sure, and his stomaske Pine.

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

216. *Money, a fruitfull commodity.*

As with coyn'd Metalls we our Trades maintaine,  
So th' Indians Trafficke with their fruits for gaine:  
Yet doe our dealings no lesse fruite inferre  
Than theirs; How comes that? aske the Vsurer.

217. *The English, too like the French.*

*A Writer, skill'd in Constellations, notes  
That England is ore-rul'd by Mercury:  
Which I beleeve, for Delos-like it floats  
In the wav'd humours of inconstancy.*



218. *An Asrostick to Mistris Elizabeth Corbet.*

**E**Xpresse your worth I cannot, loveliest friend,  
Let those attempt it, whose rare wits ascend  
In righter lines above the vulgar spheare;  
So (as your forme is) may your fame be cleare,  
And all the wandering Starres in beauties skie  
Be but as clouds beneath your *Galaxy*.  
Egregious Nymph! whose excellence refines  
These drossie fancies, and these weaker lines  
Helps to corroborate; if wishes could  
Crowne merits, yours were precious stones and gold.  
O! could I on a loftier Muses wings  
Raise high my straines above terrestriall things,  
Bearing the golden treasure of your name  
(E ndear'd to Vertue) to the starry frame,  
Then should you *Phæbe* see (in honours show)  
To plucke her hornes in, and her Orbe forgoe.

219. *To Tumbrell Gullygut.*

*Some Indian Ethnicks use to sacrifice  
Their teeth, as things which they most highly prize  
And thinke their gods delight in: wert thou one  
Of those, long since thy fanges had all beene gone  
And grinders too; but Hundreds (gladly blest  
By such a losse) had wisht thy bones good rest.*



## The First Booke of Epigrammes.

220. On Pot-valiant Champions.

Malta is fam'd for many warlike Wights;  
But Malt hath more of such, our Ale-house Knights.

221. On Ioane Easie.

Ioane turn'd a Trader in the Steves, when sent  
To lead a pure life in a Nunnery:  
And herein Ioane as Ionas did, that bore  
His course to Tarsus, balking Ninivy.

222. The Roman Eagle.

The Roman Eagle, once with terrour spread,  
Whose two heads East and West were brandished,  
Is now dismembred, having left but one  
Faint head, and almost all the feathers gone.  
No marvell then the crest-fall'n bird doth quake,  
When Warre but stroaks her, whom such aydes forsake.

223. To Nath. Bate, Gentleman.

Kind Sir, you once did find me (to your cost)  
Where a toath'd life usurping Richard lost:  
So may I loose mine owne, when once I prove  
To you ingrate, or bate you ought in love.  
For sith the Patron mends the Poets Art,  
Well may you claime the tribute of my heart,  
Who wish your Muses industry repaid  
With high respect, and mine her waiting-maid.

224. On Pickwell the Miller.

Pickwell must needs be a sweet youth (they say)  
Who lives by floures and fine meales every day.

225. To John Whiteall, Gentleman.

Let no man thinke the first worlds innocence  
Quite lost, nor seeke prime goodnesse farther hence  
Than your calme brest, embeamed with Vertues light,  
Whose Fame is like your Name, entirely white.

226. To Canary Birds.

The old Egyptians would not drinke  
The Grapes strong iuyce, which they did thinke  
(In sober sadnesse) to be sprong  
From Gyants blood, as cause of wrong.

*The First Book of Epigrammes.*

Rage, lust, and other mischiefs more:  
But were it of *Medusa's* gore,  
And should contort your bodies to  
The formes of Snakes; yet would ye show  
Your selves such loving wormes to it,  
That (by instinct of winding wit)  
Ye would cling to the Goblet fast,  
And drinke untill your sloughes ye cast.

227. To Master Thomas Lightwood.

*Names should give light to things, and so doth thine  
To thee, yet to obscurenesse doth incline,  
And falsehood too: for waighty dost thou prove,  
That solid art in Learning, sound in Love.*

228. To Mammons bond-slaves.

Neare Sicily lyes Sea-girt *Strombola*,  
That seemes to strive with *Aetna*, which should throw  
Most flames, and loudest roare: which when sometime  
Our Merchant *Gresham* did with Saylers climbe,  
These words they heard, (while feare their flesh be-  
*Dispatch, dispatch, the rich Antonio comes:* (numbes)  
When one so named, (as they after found)  
Whose Chests with coyne and curses did abound,  
Yet gap'd for Gold still, at *Palermo* dy'd.  
Was not this *Mammons* voyce, that did provide  
To entertaine that Guest? what thinke ye, friends?  
If so, then worldlings, hasten to such ends  
Through Bills and Bonds, that at your wisht repaire  
You with your golden god may richly share,  
Where your intreasur'd hearts may nere be cold.  
For feare of want, but swimme in molten gold.

229. A tryall of right.

*Women and Metalls by their sounds we know,  
(If not by touch-stones) whether right or no.*

230. To the same.

Thou rayl'st at *Rome*, and dost her friends oppose:  
Yet bear'st her Badge in chiefe, a *Roman Nose*.



*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

232. Of carnall pleasure.

The strongest shaft, which to the metall'd head  
The Devill drawes, each loving heart to slay,  
Is that fond pleasure, which in lazy bed  
Slips from the string of Lust, and hastes away.

233. To Francis Quarles.

My Muse did purpose with a pious strife  
To have trac'd out my sinlesse Saviours life :  
But thou hadst lanch'd into the Maine (I heare)  
Before my Barke was rigg'd ; which shall forbear  
To interrupt so prais'd an enterprize,  
( 'Bout which with *Quarrels* no quarrells shall arise )  
Ply then thy steereage, while deficient gales  
My wishes still supply, and swell thy sailes.

234. To the Honourable Matron, the Lady

GRACE CAVENDISH.

*Faire Vertues which in single hearts take place,  
Are in a double sense the gifts of Grace.*

235. *An Epitaph on Mistris Anne Port.*

Here lyes a creature to be most admir'd,  
So good, and yet a woman : who aspir'd  
To summe all vertues up before her yeares,  
And scale by such ascent s the heavenly Spheares  
VVhereon she sits, comparing with the Sunne  
The Diadem of glory she hath wonne,  
And joying to out-shine him, makes the frame  
Of Heaven resound her mirth, as Earth her fame;  
VVhilst we halfe wrack't with losses of this sort,  
Like Sea-men sigh, that want their wished Port.



236. To the Lady Maunsfield, now the Countesse  
of New-Castle.

ANAGRAMME.

**All Fame liveth in Deeds.**

**W** Hile those which nought save fruitlesse titles have,  
Bury their greatnesse in Oblivions grave,

---

*The First Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

*Your reall worth unto your Name shall give  
A royall fame, that in your deeds shall live.*

237. To his Muse.

No enemy hath done me so much wrong  
As thou, that hast betray'd me with a song  
To ship-wracke of my fortunes : yet such sport  
Thou dost afford me, that I hugge thee for't ;  
And those that most doe envy thee, delight  
To see thee hovering in thine Eagle-flight,  
And (proudly pearched on a Meteors backe)  
With loves maine Thunder vying crack for crack,  
While (Swallow-like) Detraction flies below,  
And chatters. For such feates I love thee so,  
That were the choyce propos'd, I should refuse  
Rich India's bosome, to embrace my Muse.

238. To the Flower of Youngsters,  
Rose Verney.

By some fore-knowledge wert thou named Rose,  
Whose fame-blowne Beauty such a tincture shewes.  
Of vernall brav'ry, as may well compare  
With Venus Flower, that in sweet and faire  
Dainties excells, yet is not without pricks ;  
No more art thou : Blush Rose, I smell thy tricks.



239. To Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet.

**C**ould I but coyne you in my minde, you should  
Be of the right stampe, as were all your old  
Fore-fathers, men of merit and renowne,  
Whose meanest puts our moderne Nobles downe.  
Their Houses seem'd as Hospitalls for poore,  
And Charity still waited at their doore,  
As Fame will upon you, whilst you aspire  
To equall their desert, and my desire.

*The end of the First Booke.*





## The second Booke of *Epigrammes*.

### 1. To *William Davenport*, Esquire.

**Y**our native sweetnesse, which you often have  
Diffus'd to others, boldens me to crave  
Your favour to this weakling worke of mine :  
Whereon if your cleare Iudgment daigne to shine,  
All clouds of envy menacing my *Verse*  
I shall despise, and with one puffe disperse.

### 2. *On Theologicall Vertue.*

Vertue's a Bridge ( neare to the Crosse, whereby  
We passe to happinesse beyond the Spheares )  
Whose Arches are Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
And what's the water but repentant teares ?

### 3. *Sinne, like a Serpent.*

Sinnes falshood glistereth like the Serpents kind,  
(From whence it crept) and beares a sting behind.

### 4. *On Drunkenesse.*

The youngest of all vices ( that I know )  
Is Drunkenesse, which in the age of Noe  
First reel'd into the World, and thus appears  
Like the Red Dragon, after thousand yeares :  
Yet sure to Hell this sucking Vice hath spew'd  
More soules, than all that ancient multitude.

### 5. *On Devotion.*

Devotion's like an Eagle, making way  
Through cloudy Meteors, when she meanes to pray.

### 6. *Gods Bounty.*

No mortall hath seene God, few heard him speake ;  
( Hence is their love so cold, their faith so weak : )  
Yet all his goodnesse taste, which ( like the shower  
On Gideons Fleece ) be on all flesh doth poure.

---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

8. *On Lazarus in Abrahams*

*Bosome.*

From sorrowes straights, wherein we launch our' lives,  
In his hopes Haven *Lazarus* arrives,  
And wonders in how short a flight of time,  
He to that Crowne of happinesse could climbe ;  
From Ragges and company of Dogges, to sort  
Himselfe with Princes of that glorious Court ,  
There with those armes, that on the Altar plac'd,  
Our dying Saviours lively type embrac'd.  
Oblissefull change ! to be incircled so,  
What King would not his Diadem forgoe ?

9. *Mocking's Catching.*

*Leere they that list, whose follies are profast :  
With sinnes or swords it is not safe to jest.*

10. *The body and the soule.*

God at one instant did not make the whole  
Of man, but first the Body, then the soule :  
And hence the fleshly Rebelle (for the right  
Of eldership) doth with the Spirit fight.

11. *Percolation of Waters.*

*Sea-waters finding passage through the clay,  
Lose saltnesse, (as experienc'd Writers say)  
And with a sweeter relish please the sence :  
So, than the mournfull teares of penitence,  
Which sinners through their earthen Organs straine)  
No water is more sweete, more soveraigne.*

12. *Faith and Love.*

The aire doth first affect us, though the fire  
Be more Celestiall, and more high aspire.  
So the first tendrell of straight vertues tree  
Is Faith, but the toppe branch is Charity.

13. *Of Nature.*

*In Heavenly things meere Nature's blind and base,  
And like a meale of fragments without Grace.*

14. *David and Goliath. Christ and Sathan.*

Five stones tooke *David*, winning at one throw  
*Goliath's* head : and our mecke Saviour so



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

Five woundes receiv'd, that weapon-like did slay  
Th' Infernall Gyant, and his Host dismay.

### 15. The fall of Angells.

*Some say, the downe-cast Angells here and there  
Alighted, as they bodied Creatures were;  
But whether some of them in Aire reside,  
Others in Water, or in Earth abide,  
It matters not: for (howsoere they fell)  
Who loseth God, findes every place his Hell.*

### 16. Strong encouragements.

He acts as brave a part as David in  
Killing Goliath did, who conquers sinne  
At the first onset: for that is to wound  
A Gyants front, and force him to the ground.

### 17. Of Mortification.

*Sith Paradise is lost, looke not to see  
God in soft pleasures walkes: for surely he,  
That did to Moses in a Bush appeare,  
Loves sharpe compunction, and a life austere.*

### 18. To penitent Magdalen.

*Mary, but late the cage of Hell,  
Thy heavenly change what Muse can tell  
Those twinkling eyes that did allure  
To fordid lust, now droppe the pure  
Pearle of Contrition, and that haire  
That wandering Cupids did ensnare,  
And wav'd its pride in every streete,  
Now humbly licks her Saviours feete,  
And from those blessed roots derives  
Vertue, more worth than thousand lives:  
To cleanse thy stain'd affections then,  
Still weepe and wipe, kind Magdalen.*

### 19. A beame of comfort.

*God that his splendour did to Moses show,  
From Egypt fled, will sure with comfort so  
Shine upon those, that gladly bid farewell  
To lust, whose lightnesse keeps us darke as Hell.*

---

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

---

### 20. On the two theeves crucified with our Saviour.

As Jew and Gentile did his life oppose,  
So here two Theeves our dying Lord enclose :  
These, true to falshood, gasping here for breath,  
Doe yet invade the King of life and death :  
The one with worst of weapons playes his part,  
The other robbes him of his dearest heart :  
Both on the bloody Characters doe looke,  
Of life, yet one but saved by the Booke :  
That ( as in *Moses* bush ) with Raies divine  
Sees in the thorny Crowne some glory shine,  
And hangs not faster on the fatall wood,  
Than his soule cleaves to her eternall good.  
Strange Thiefe ! that thus by vertue of his vice  
Broke loose from Hell, and stole to Paradise.

### 21. An unfruitfull Reader.

*Who reads Gods Word, not following it in deed,  
Is like a sounding, but an empty Reed.*

### 22. Sects in Religion.

While Sects are wrangling, Sathan doth contend  
To make them all their vertues treasure spend :  
Iust, as while Clients strive, the Lawyer takes  
Their Metall, but no chaine of Concord makes.

### 23. To London in time of Pestilence.

London, when I behold thy Ladies goe  
So Bedlam-like with Naked armes, and show  
Shoulders and breasts, like Maremaids, all behung  
With golden toyes, and precious stones among ;  
And when againe the roaring boyes I see  
Put women downe with manlesse luxury,  
Still to be fashion-ficke, and drinke, and sweare.  
And rage, as if they Stygian Monsters were :  
I wonder not to see thee blacke with woe,  
Sith high-built Cities lye in dust below,  
For crimes lesse bold : and having drunke thereby  
Deepe cuppes of vengeance, thou wilt pledge, or dye.



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

### 24. The Arke and Dagon.

Afford not sinne one corner in thy heart,  
Sith all's too little for so great a Lord,  
That will not for the whole accept the part:  
Nor will his Arke and Dagon ere accord,  
Whose head and hands at th'entry of desire  
Cut wisely off, nor suffer sinne entire.

### 25. On Palestine.

*My sighes out-pace my tongue, when I would tell  
How this fam'd Region, which did all excell  
In pleasant fruits, and typ'd the happyest place,  
Is now a Den of Barbarisme, so base,  
So stript and ruin'd, that with grapes and graine,  
It scarce a flight of Locusts can maintaine.  
Ah cursednesse of sinne, that thus to Gall  
Turnes milke and honey, and empoysons all.*

### 26. The motion of sinne.

Sinnes motion's various; and her Zenith well  
We terme presumption, but her Nadir Hell.

### 27. Marke the end.

Iacob held Esau by the Heele, and so  
Should every man that feares his Maker doe:  
Not stroke the head of sinne, but apprehend  
His rugged foote, and marke his fatall end.

### 28. Nebuchadnezzars Image moraliz'd.

Like this Kings Image with the head of gold,  
Th'ambitious seemes, and makes a lofty show  
Of wisdom; but his latter end behold,  
And you shall see the proud aspirer goe  
On earthen feet, whose frailty will not beare  
Their master out, from danger or from feare.

### 29. An old sute.

God not with silken robes old Adam clad,  
But skinned of Beasts, (the most contemned wear)  
To shew, that he who Princely Empire had,  
Having defac'd Gods Image, did appeare  
More like to beasts, and (through his teares) might see  
His blinded soule, and bodie misery.

---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

30. Our Saviours first Miracle

*applied.*

*Iesus, that Water turn'd to Wine,  
Will turne our penitentiall brine  
To Nectar, and our bitter moanes  
To sweetest joyes, Celestiall tones,  
When our white Soules unto this Lambe  
Shall married be, and Heavens frame  
(While fiery Angels clearely sing)  
An endlesse wedding peale shall ring.*

31. Pride, not unpunished.

*King Ezechias, in a boasting sort,  
Shew'd all his Treasures, and was punish'd for't.  
For Pride falls with a vengeance on our backs;  
And high Clouds scatter when the Welkin cracks.*

32. Good Workes,

*The stones whereof Gods Altars framed were,  
Must be unwrought: so pious deeds should be,  
Not mixt with ostentation, but sincere,  
For wisdom shines in such simplicity.*

33. Heaven and Earth.

*As from one Maker Heaven and Earth proceed,  
So some resemblance doe they hold indeed:  
For as the Bowell parts of Heaven include  
Most Starres, and of the greatest magnitude,  
So doth our Northerne Hemisphere below,  
More of the continent and Islands show  
Than doth the South. Thus Heaven and Earth accord,  
And so were men in goodnesse like their Lord,  
Or like his quire of Angels there would be  
Through the whole World a compleat Harmony.*

34. The soules twilight.

*As Sea and Earth I view, but with mine eye,  
Nor Element all fire nor aire discry:  
So know I men and beasts, but cannot so  
High God, and holy Angels reach unto:  
For (ah) by Adams fall my knowing part  
Seemes dazl'd and duld'd against a stony heart.*



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

### 35. To Princes.

Ye Royall guides, that 'fore your people goe,  
Thinke on that Meteor in the Wildernesse,  
Which Israel led: for airy honour so  
Still floates and flits, but sooner vanishes.

### 36. Eminent Examples.

The obvious actions of the great, that strike  
Our senses to the quicke, are not unlike  
Those varied Rods, which Jacob once did leave  
Before his Ewes, what time they should conceive:  
For after such impressive objects goe  
The sheepish vulgar, which few precepts know.

### 39. Poverties priviledge.

Jerusalems great Chieftes are forc'd away  
By Babels Monarch, when meane persons stay:  
And as a prey to the hellish Tyrant are  
Rich Worldlings, when poore Starvelings better fare.

### 40. A Boaster.

A Boaster's but a glorious Monster, and  
Extends a tongue farre larger than his hand.

### 41. To Pride.

If silver from superfluous moisture grows,  
(Like that which drops from every Drinells nose)  
If gold be but the dregs of earth, and stones,  
(Though ne're so pretious) but her barren bones;  
If flaunting silkes, rich scarlets, daintiest furs  
Be but Beasts excrements, (which man abhorres)  
Then Pride thou'rt odious, and thy Students be  
Scarce able to commence to mans degree.

### 42. On Iosephs Cloake.

The Snake his slough, the Dove her plumes doth cast,  
(Whose innocence and prudence hold manifest)  
As Ioseph left his garment, yet retain'd  
A jewell, which once lost is ne're regain'd.  
Thus stone-cold chastity farre off doth flye,  
And Lust assumes the Cloake of modesty.

---

*The Second Book of Epigrammes.*

---

43. On *Nebuchadnezzar*,  
Deposed.

What Object's this, of pitty or of feare?  
Great *Babels* Monarch, picking Sallets here  
With Hawke-like Tallons, and a Horse-like maine,  
That lately did a gemmed Crowne sustaine:  
'Twas farre from loftiest Royalty to slide  
To such subjection: but illusive pride  
Ioyes in such Gambolls, jeering, when she brings  
Scepters to Bables, and does foole the greatest things.

44. Death of Tyrants.

*In the Red Sea sterne Pharaoh dy'd, and in  
Christs blood was drown'd that cursed Tyrant, Sinne.*

45. Gods Image.

Likenesse breeds love; and therefore God did make  
Man as his Image, that he thence might take  
A deare occasion in deepe love to fall  
With his high Lord, whose grace surmounts to all.

46. Of Divine Precepts.

*How good is God! whose every sweete command  
Doth with the soules and bodies safety stand,  
Whose true and happy preservation lies  
In antidotes of vertuous exercise:  
But vice is like a worme, that Canker sets  
Into the Bone, and harder Conscience frets.*

47. Of Repentance.

Put not Repentance off till thou beest old,  
For such Devotion heartlesse growes and cold:  
Nor ere shall that man for a wise one passe,  
That layes much treasure on a tyred Ass.

48. On Worldlings.

*Like Gideons troopes, which off the Captaine cast  
For bending Beast-like to the ground, to cast  
The Crystall River, is the wretched crew  
Of Worldlings, which with downe-cast mindes pursue  
Their wretched treasure, that like water flowes  
By course, and from them with a murmur goes.*



---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

49. *On the same.*

Rich Worldlings are poore Snakes, sustain'd alone  
With shining dust, and downe to basenesse throwne.

50. *Prosperity perilous.*

King Saul, his sonnes, and other Chieftaines more,  
Fell under wounds upon Mount Gilboa;  
And when in high prosperity we soare,  
Well may we feare a downfall and decay:  
For honours Bubble, swelling ne're so high,  
Breakes with a pricke, and out the winde must flye.

51. *Affliction profitable.*

A fishes Gall blind Tobit cur'd: and so  
Bitter affliction lends us light to know  
The World, and all its fashood, that in lieu  
Of promis'd Roses sticks our breasts with Rue.

52. *On the same.*

The higher that the Deluge rose,  
More upward did the Arke ascend:  
So in the deepest waves of woe  
More Heaven-ward our affections tend,  
And sad affliction oft doth prove  
A beaten path to joyes above.

53. *Paine before pleasure.*

Vigills and Fasts to joyfull feasts make way,  
And Earths short paines to Heav'ns long Holiday.

54. *Of Riches.*

Like Sparrowes Dung, that seel'd up Tobits sight,  
Is wealth, whose love our soules becloudeth quite,  
And with pollution so belimes her wings,  
That heavily she mounts to heavenly things.

55. *Ioseph in Prison, to Pharaoh's*

*Butler at liberty.*

Whilst we in Prison fettered lay  
Our loves were fast, and thou didst say,  
Thou surely wouldst (if ever grac't  
Againe) relieve me: but thou hast  
Let slip thy promise, and my paine,  
Though Pharaoh's Cuppe thou holdst againe,

Thus

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

Thus Royall favours Sunne-shine makes  
(In Duncie mindes) ungratefull snakes  
Of Libertines, in office set,  
And cuppes make men their friends forget.

55. On Tobias his Fish

The Entrailes of this Fish, once laid on fire,  
Caus'd all infernall Spirits to retire:  
So a zeale-burning heart the fiends doth quell,  
And a good liver feares no bugger of Hell.

57. The Devils child,

the Devils tucke.

Judas, that did the Rhapacke beare,  
Like a false-hearted Souldier,  
The bloody colours did forgoe  
Of his deare Lord, to serve his foe  
For helish pay, yet in the close  
Had not one crosse to helpe his woes;  
But (with his empty bagge by side)  
Was hang'd, and broke, and poorly dy'd.

58. On Avarice.

Greedy Gehazies snow-white Leprosie,  
Fairely resembleth foulest Couetise,  
That makes men lame, a marker of Charity,  
And hoares our hair, a signe of old age.

59. A false World.

This crooked World is serpentine,  
And poysons doth with pleasures deale,  
Just as the Snake doth brightly shine,  
Yet banefull venome doth conceale,  
So one faire fruit deform'd us all,  
Whence all our lives like leaves doe fall.

60. Of Religion.

Religion is a golden chaine, to binde  
With tenne strong linkes all Adams Stubborne kinde.

61. On Saint Stephen's stone.

Some men are beaten to this world, but here's  
One that was battered to the heavenly spheres,

Whose



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

Whose prayers (faster than the stones did fly)  
Vollyed for entrance to the opening sky.  
Nor did poore halfe-dead *Isaac* more rejoyce  
To see the *Ramme*, and heare the Angels voyce,  
Than *Stephen* did to see the *Lambe* (once slaine  
For our sins guilt) with his triumphant traine:  
Well might he joy, that was within a small  
Stones cast of Heaven; whence treasured blessings fall.

### *62. Pride and Humility.*

*Mountaines* their tallnesse loose, but *vallies* grow  
Higher, by ruines on their bosome cast;  
And climbing pride comes tumbling downe below,  
But humble goodnesse will reach Heaven at last.

### *63. Divine Wisedome.*

*Moses* his reall Serpent had the power,  
Those other made by Magicke to devoure;  
And Gods transcendent wisedome doth containe,  
All others knowledge, as a boundlesse maine;  
Which never Creature strove to passe, but fell  
Short in his Voyage, lost in darkest Hell.

### *64. Ignorance, the Divels foole.*

The Divell in darke ignorance delights,  
And as sterne *Nahash* once the *Gileadites*,  
Right eyes required; so endeavours he  
Knowledge to quench, and arts dexterity.

### *65. Of Mahomets Religion.*

Like to that thousand-slaying *Asses* jaw,  
Which *Sampson* brandisht, is the sencelesse Law  
Of *Mahomet*; which more weake soules hath slaine,  
Than th' *Alcaron* doth witlesse words containe.

### *66. On Jacobs wrestling.*

*Jacob*, that *Esau* had supplanted first,  
(With confidence well fortify'd) now durst  
Encounter with an Angell, and doth beare  
The blessed prize away; though lam'd he were:  
Yet no discomfort could him hence dismay,  
Sith such maim'd soldiers shall have heavenly pay.

---

*The Second Book of Epigrammes.*

---

67. *On the same.*

*Jacob went halting, that he might not fly  
Farre from his Lord, that loves such company.*

68. *Mans life in the lapse.*

*On Tigris banke when once Tobias sate,  
Of slippery life he well might meditate,  
Which faster than that swiftest river flowes  
With downe-right course to death, nor Eddy knowes.*

69. *Of the Pillar of Salt, the remainder  
of Lots Wife.*

*What object's this that doth assault my sense  
With feare ? the monument of her offence,  
Who with good Lot did from lewd Sodome goe,  
Yet for apostacy was pillory'd so ;  
Warning us all to season with this Salt  
Our ranke affections, and avoyde her fault.*

70. *Of a Carnalift.*

*How like is he, a wanton life that leades,  
To hoary Iordan ! that the flowery meads  
Clippes in his progresse, yet doth swiftly tend  
To the dead sea, and makes a bitter end.*

71. *Seths Pillars.*

*Seths famous Pillars, that inscribed stood  
With Learning and Religion, scap'd the floud :  
For (though both Gold and Silver feeble decay)  
Faile knowledge may be clipt, nere washt away.*

72. *Of Drunkards.*

*Drunkards are like to leaking shippes, and in  
Great danger to be sunke in seas of sinne.*

73. *Worldly pleasure.*

*As Ioab Amaziah did embrace,  
And stabbe together: so with flattering face  
False pleasure courts us, but with paine the whiles  
Wounds whom she wooes, & slaughters when she smiles.*

74. *Not too fast.*

*Swift as a sylvan Roe was Asahel,  
Yet (overtooke by Fate) he wounded fell  
In following Abner. For in veyle of night*



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

*Close by the ground flies death, and puts to flight  
The bold'st pursuers : and from life of grace  
Too frequently they fall, that honour chase.*

### *75. To an Epicure.*

*Thy belly is thy God, thine appetite  
All thy Religion; which with tooth and nayle  
Thou followest, and with an eager zeale  
Dost sacrifice to Riot day and night;  
Nor wilt surcease, till death his speare hath tost  
In thy vast paunch, or way and weapon lost.*

### *76. Ill enough at the best.*

*The Skinnes of beasts, that sacrificed were,  
Were plucked off; but when we best appeare,  
The services which we to God advance,  
Are skinned ore with veyles of ignorance,  
Pride, and hypocrisie; so much we prove  
Strangers to simple truth and naked love.*

### *77. Solace in solitude.*

*The Coale-blacke Raven in the desert fed  
Elias; but that glory-glittering Dove  
Those soules doth cherish, that are sequestred  
From worldly toyes, and fixt on joyes above.*

### *78. No truth in the World.*

*False-hearted Laban, in faire Rachels stead,  
Put bleare-ey'd Leah on his patient friend:  
So though the World much blisse hath promised,  
With blind conceite it gulls us in the end.*

### *79. Comfort in selfe conquest.*

*On troubled waters could not Noahs Dove  
Take rest, but in the Arke, that did containe  
A wilderness of Creatures leagu'd in love;  
Nor will that Dove-like comforter remaine,  
Save that in brest, whose wild affections be  
Bound to tame peace, yet strike sweet harmony.*

### *80. An Ocean of Wine.*

*Wine is a Drunkard, is an in-land maine,  
With pleasure tost, but wracking him with paine.*

---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

81. Christs rising and setting.

*When Christ did rise, at midnight day did spring  
With strange light; when he crosly set againe,  
Day gloom'd to night, under whose threatening wing  
The sad earth quak'd, as conscious of his paine.  
Right Sun of Heaven! from whose blest course proceed  
Both light and shade. Right Sun of Heav'n indeed.*

82. To the Heavenly Host, exulting at  
our Saviours Birth.

*Cease your loud joyes, Celestials, cease,  
Your noyse disturbs the Prince of peace;  
Whose teares (which who can singing view?)  
His cheekes sweet rosaryes bedew,  
And at whose plaints th'empassion'd stones  
Are chaf'd to droppes, and melt with mones.  
Yet haile deare cause of pretious joyes!  
For those thy vollying sighes and cryes,  
Doe force the ports of Heaven to fly  
Open, and make us way thereby  
To blisse; and that thy pearly raine  
Doth our robb'd soules enrich againe.  
Then doe not yet, Celestials, cease;  
Your mirth proclaimes the Prince of peace.*

83. Of the beatificall Vision.

*Peace Epicures, cease Stoicks, with the rest  
Of Ancients, to make knowne what makes you blest:  
Your chiefe goods are but empty dreames, but mine  
A reall vision, glorious, and Divine.*

84. To Herod, Murderer of the  
Innocents.

*Fie brutish Tyrant, sheath thy blade,  
So drunke with former slaughters made,  
That now it doth at rand on fall  
On the most harmelesse things of all.  
The Son of Heaven's without thy spheare,  
And thou but idly beat'st the aire  
With threats: but mothers groanes and cryes,  
That vapour to the vengefull skies,*



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

From swollen Clouds, shall head-long downe  
With Lightning burst, and blast thy Crowne.

85. Patient and prudent.

*A suffering man is like the Beare-starre, slow  
To move, yet such as may discretion shew.*

86. To the blessed Virgin at her purification.

Why, favourite of Heaven most faire,  
Dost thou bring fowles for Sacrifice?  
Will not the armefull thou dost beare,  
That lovely Lambe of thine, suffice?

87. On Mary Magdalen, weeping &c.

*How fast doth Mary let her flood-gates goe,  
As if the bottome of her love to shew!  
Catching with golden nets (O rich device!)  
That pretious prey, true bird of Paradise.*

88. To Iordan, wherein Christ was baptized.

Iordan, that in the Type of Heaven dost spring,  
And of all rivers mayst be stiled King,  
Crown'd with thine owne delightfull plants, that lave  
And deckt their tresses in thy glassy wave,  
How happy wast thou, that the King of Kings  
(More sweet, more faire, than all thy meads & springs)  
Was dipt in thee! Thenceforth thy current should  
Have stood for Iasper, set in bankes of gold.

89. Flesh to dust.

*Death (a strange Miller) flesh to dust doth grind.  
How? not with water, but with wind.*

90. Comfort in calamity.

In frosty times most starry fires are seene;  
And when afflictive sorrowes are most keene,  
God comfort daignes, and so to us doth shew  
His lightfull face, that we his favour know.

91. Of Heaven.

*When I admire some starres, whose magnitude  
Doth the earths vastnesse many times include;  
And those least Lights more radiant to behold  
Than Diamonds, or Diadems of gold:  
Me thinkes I feel my lightned heart inflame.*

---

The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

---

Of rapture ) mount to that illustrious frame,  
Yet fall backe like a dying sparke, that must  
Be turn'd to ashes, and confus'd with dust.  
But ( O the wonder ! ) when the pavements are  
So rich ; how glorious, how transcending faire  
Is the great Chamber ! and how bright that face,  
Where pretious beames of beauty, glory, grace,  
Are sweetly all ( as flowers for sacrifice )  
Commixt, and offered to joy-ravisht eyes.

92. To a serpentine Sychophant.  
Thou liv'st by doing others deadly wrong  
At great mens Tables, with thy banefull tongue :  
And yet dependest ( as thou dar'st averre )  
On Heavens full hand, to be thy Caterer ;  
That threats to shake thee for detested trickes,  
As Paul the Viper into burning Styx.

A generall benefit.  
Moses prescrib'd, that holy fumes should be  
Temper'd and mixt in equall quantity :  
Whereby in a sweet sence is understood,  
That equally we share the Soveraigne blood  
Of Christ, that doth the beggers soule refine  
Pure as the Kings, whose gold-girt temples shine.

94. The power of prayer.  
Our prayers are as fired shafts, that shall  
Make that old Serpent ( like to Python ) fall.

95. An invitation to happinesse.  
Me thinkes I see a glittering troope of Saints,  
Beckning to me from Heavens gilt battlements,  
To hasten to them. Here ( they seeme to say )  
Is the springs flourish, Summers lightsome ray ;  
The Autumnes plenty, with the Winters ease,  
And all that may the high-wrought phansie please :  
Who then pure treasures dost preferre to toyes,  
Mend thy dull pace, and minde this place of joyes.

96. Evill Objects, infectious.  
As those that gaze on bloody galled eyes,  
Become obnoxious to their maladies :



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

So on lewd precedents who oft will looke  
Shall lewdnesse catch, and learne it without booke.

97. *Peter, at the transfiguration.*

*What fulgour's this! what harmelesse lightning's here!  
Hath Phæbus vaulted from his radiant spheare  
To gaze here on my Lord? or onely spread  
His rich flame-coloured mantle on the head  
Of happy Tabor? Hence dull shadowy toyes  
Of mirth; give me these pure illustrious joyes,  
To shine with Moses and Elias still,  
And keepe a high-day on this Heavenly hill.*

98. *The Covetous, to sublime contemplators.*

*As to his eye who yellow glasse applies,  
Sees all things of that golden colour: so  
When thoughts of profit taint our phantasies,  
We onely are well scene in things below;  
But in Celestiall matters blind as Moles,  
That hunt for Wormes, and haunt obscurest holes,*

99. *Of the Wedding Ring.*

*This precious Embleme well doth represent  
That evennesse, that Crownes us with content:  
Which when it wanting is, the sacred yoke  
Becomes uneasy, yet with ease is broake.*

100. *Pharaohs Daughter, finding yong  
Moses in the Water.*

*What pretty pledge of love swimmes here  
Deeply engag'd? How every teare  
Shines in the casket, as a Iemme  
Doth in my Fathers Diadem!  
How (like hope in *Pandoraes* boxe)  
Lovely it lookes! More hard than rockes  
Were they, whose hearts would not relent  
At sight of such an Innocent.  
Come, little Angell, thou with me  
Shalt shine in Heaven of Royalty;  
And with great *Pharaohs* Crowne shalt play,  
That mayst beare rule another day,  
And (as I thee from waters rage)*

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

*My name preserve from wracke of age.*

101. *To ambitious favourites.*

Looke favourites (that ever climbing are)  
On Absolon, hung by the lockes on high:  
For so your actions goe against the haire,  
And danger hangs upon your dignity.

102. *On the skales that fell from Pauls eyes.*

*These skales th' old Serpents were, who when they fell,  
Did cast his slough on earth, and slipt to Hell.*

103. *On Iezabell, to Ladies.*

How far'd proud Iezabell, whole dayes that spent  
In pruning, painting, courting of her glasse?  
Was not her flesh t'an odious excrement  
Concocted, and ejected on the grasse?  
Ladies, such faults wipe off, as did at end  
This Queené of Pride, and dogg'd her to her end.

104. *Iphrah, meeting his Daughter after*

*Victory.*

*Ab ruthfull object, that doth dart  
A thousand horrours to my heart!  
Poore harmelesse haplesse child! must thou  
Make good thy Fathers ill-made vow?  
And shall I such rash breath full?  
Deare Heaven avert it. Yet I will,  
And must, although with trembling hands  
I shake in sunder natures bands.  
But to thy memory each day  
Full summes of sorrows must I pay,  
And when salt teares have drain'd mine eyes,  
Make Fountaines poore with fresh supplies.*

105. *The worlds entertainement.*

The World resembles Iael in her tent,  
And entertaines us with like complement:  
Feeds us, and covers us, while close we lye,  
Strecht on the dull couch of obscurity:  
But when we sleepe fast, faster to the ground  
Our heads and hearts doe fixe, and both confound.



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

### *106. Iohn Baptists Head.*

*This was a Cryers head, and still doth cry,  
For vengeance on the crowne of tyranny.*

### *107. Christ Crucified.*

*How quaintly Heaven his fairest jewels sets  
To the Worlds view betwixt two counterfets !  
With two pale Pendants hangs this radiant stone,  
Yet makes his foyle, takes glory but of one.  
Strange Rocke ! that in our wildernesse of sinne  
Strucke with the rod of Justice, from within  
His precious Caves poures liquid life to ground,  
Whose Cataracts to highest Heaven resound,  
Out-buying with fine golden rivers price  
All floods, all fruits, all states of Paradise.  
Deare Mates, that through these worldly billows steere,  
Bend to this Rocke, or else ye shipwracke here :  
Let my kind Muse the singing Syren prove,  
To draw you on with charming lines of love.  
Haile true Celestiall Comet ! which of old  
Such flights of ravisht spirits have foretold,  
That, by thy bloody streaming in the aire,  
Dost make the blacke Prince of his Realme despaire  
In lifes sad Night ; he cannot wander farre  
From joy, that failes by this transfixt starre.*

### *108. An upstroke to his soule.*

*Up, Dove-like soule, and make thy Saviours side  
Thy restfull Arke, his sprinkled blood thy guide ;  
Bath in this balme th' enflamed eyes of Lust,  
Thy Plumes of pride, thy feete of lame distrust :  
Harke how the bubling Current chides thy stay  
In thine owne sound, and murmurs at delay ;  
See how his armes are for thy welcome spread,  
And how he beckons with enclining head,  
Forget thy flight, thy paines will not be lost,  
Nor love want comfort, though thy Lord be lost,*

### *109. On our Saviours Crosse.*

*Our Saviours Crosse, beguilt with guiltlesse blood,  
Was fram'd (as some write) of foure kinds of wood,*

## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

Palme, Cedar, Cypresse, Olive ; which might show  
That blessings thence to the foure parts should flow  
Of the vast world, and from the foure windes should  
Christs flocke be fetcht to his thrice-blessed Fold.

### *110. Of the terrours at the Death of our Saviour.*

*What tempest's this, that from the Tree of Death  
Would shake this fruit of Life ? what angry breath  
Of Heav'n teares up my tender-rooted heart ?  
Doth the rude world into confusion start ?  
Or Nature, bending to her finall wracke,  
Heare the maine Engine of her motion cracke ?  
The Temple rends its cloaths, the Rocks (that were  
Angry at harder hearts) their Centers teare,  
Heav'ns blood-shot eye winks close for grieve and dread,  
The Earth grows sicke, and vomits up her dead,  
The Sea howles out, while the loud winds in rage  
Hisse at those Actors on their Tragicke Stage,  
That, having lost both shape and reasons sparke  
In that blacke day, seeme Dragons in the darke.  
O poisonous sinne ! whose force the solid ground  
Thus breakes, and threatens whole Nature to confound.*

### *111. On the Sponge filled with Vinegar.*

Mans life is like this Sponge, and steepes  
It selfe in woes ; when cruelt, he weepes.

### *112. The anguish of Conscience.*

*Who with a guilty soule to bed doth goe,  
Fares like a Nightingale with tender brest  
Vpon a thorne, and takes as little rest,  
But with lesse straines of Musicke, more of woe.*

### *113. Man unnaturally revengefull.*

Nature some creatures terrible doth make  
With hornes, and hooves, & tusks, wherewith they take  
Bloody revenge, and worke each others woe :  
But no such native terrours man doth show,  
Yet to harsh mischiefe is most bent of all,  
And (with a vengeance) most unnaturall.



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

### 114. Our Saviours Parentage.

*This flower of Iesse had his blessed birth  
From Heaven deriv'd, though planted here on Earth;  
Resembling those whereof fam'd Maro sings,  
Whose beauties beareth enscribed names of Kings.*

### 115. Faith a fast friend.

*Of Moses body God tooke care,  
Nor would allow the Fiend a share  
In it; much lesse will he forgoe  
A soule (deare-bought with deadly woe)  
If but her hand of faith be laid  
On his strong Arme, that all doth ayde.*

### 116. Sinnes attendants.

*Sinne hath three Bond-maids, Feare, & Guilt, and Shame,  
That dayly follow, daely haunt the same:  
But be I rather joylesse left alone,  
Than on the left hand goe, so waited on.*

### 117. Of silence.

*Johns Birth made glad long-silent Zachary,  
And grace attends on Taciturnity.*

### 118. Belly, cease thy grumbling.

*God, that for every Beast provided meate  
Before (their Master) Man had ought to eate,  
Shew'd us how small a care is requisite  
For things that please the rambling appetite:  
For man that beares a Queene-like Soule, should have  
Small stomacke to become his bodies slave.*

### 119. True Knowledge.

*The Temples Windows, on their inner side  
Farre larger than without, thereby imply'd  
That in Gods Church appears the vitall light  
Of Truth, without it shades of Death and night.*

### 120. The Soules Center.

*Our bodies in the flitting ayre can take  
No rest, nor in the flowing water make  
Abode, but on the solid Earth remaine,  
Whose ground-worke doth the unweildy world sustaine:*

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

No more can Soules (for lasting joyes design'd)  
In watry wealth or airy honour find  
Sure comfort, but in him that all things moves  
Must rest, and there concenter all their loves.

122. *Against prophane jesting.*

Let others scoffe, whose joyes are here at best;  
I'm not for Hell in earnest, nor in jest.

123. *On Iudges. To Sir Tho. Mitward.*

In faire Ierusalem the Iudges sate  
On Thrones erected in the Cities gate,  
With faces to the East; that learne they might  
Of Sol (the heart o' th' Planets) rising bright,  
To raise pure hearts to Heaven, and rightly trace  
Through Vertues Zodiacke, Signes of heavenly grace.

124. *Now, or never.*

Vpon their Sabbaths Eve, old Israels Host,  
(Preparing for the time they honour'd most)  
Stor'd them with Manna for the future day:  
So should old Fathers (hoar'd with frosty gray)  
Against their finall now-approaching rest  
Hoard up good workes, as Treasures in the Chest,  
And (Archer-like) with most impulsion send  
Devotions shafts, when drawing to their end.

125. *Winke not at great faults.*

When Paul was preaching, Eutychus asleepe  
Came toppling from aloft, and dead was found:  
So those that in the Church no watch will keepe,  
Fall lame from goodnesse, though their sleepe be sound.

126. *Gold like straw.*

Straw ripens. Fruits with kindly heate (we know)  
Yet serves in hot Spaine to conserve the Snow,  
That cooles their Wines: so warms deceitfull gold  
The heart with joy, yet makes Devotion cold.

127. *On the healing of a crooked woeman.*

Christ, that did cure this weakling, doth delight  
That wrongs be rectifi'd, and all upright.

128. *Against.*



*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

128. *Against our Fashion-mongers.*

In various formes the Tempter doth appeare,  
But onely humane shape good Angels weare :  
We then that still new-fangled fashions use,  
VVhom follow wee ? the Fiend, that us pursues.

129. *A sight of our Saviour.*

Zacheus, whose low stature could not see  
Our Saviour passing by him, climb'd a Tree.  
To take a full view of him : so may we  
With Contemplations nimble pace ascend.  
The Tree whereon our Ransome did depend,  
And there behold our all-surpassing friend.

130. *A Cure for the Kings evill.*

Greatest of Mortalls, that with sparkling Gold  
Inspheare your browes, and potent Scepters hold,  
VVhen yain pompe swells you, let the Crowne that toke  
Our deare Redeemers head, be sadly wore  
In your remembrance, so those Thornes will pricke  
Ambitious tumours, whilst in minde they sticke.

131. *Temptation of the flesh.*

This grand Enchantresse deales as Dalilah,  
And so importunes us, that we give way  
To her desires, to th'losse of Iudgments eyes :  
But then th'infernall Philistines devise  
Such grinding worke for us, that for their toule  
They take what dearest is, the precious Soule.

132. *Dauids Harpe out of Tune, after its  
Masters decease.*

How am I sleighted now, whose strings  
Lately chain'd the cares of Kings,  
And seem'd by vertue of their charme  
Th'infernall Dragon to disarm !  
Now being of no note at all,  
My mirth hangs with me on the wall,  
Though still as good as ere did twang :  
So may lost favourites goe hang.

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

### 133. A consort of Starres.

*Each Shepheard knows that of those lights above  
Some with a swift course, others slowly move;  
And that the fixt Starres in a plaine song-way  
Goe on, but Planets (that below them stray)  
Seeme to runne descant still and modulate,  
Yet are their motions all proportionate,  
And regular: How could this wonder be,  
But that the God of peace loves Harmony.*

### 134. A guilty Conscience.

*A guilty Conscience is a Iayle, wherein  
The Soule is chain'd with sorrow, charg'd with sinne.*

### 135. On the same.

*Like Tobies Dogge's a guilty Conscience,  
That still is grumbling wheresoere we come,  
And though still beaten backe, and bidden hence,  
Yet restlessly pursues and dogges us home.*

### 136. To a busie headed, idle-handed Zelo.

*Thou wholly dost neglect thy Family,  
And marr'st good acts with such impiety,  
Whil'st, like the nayle that sticke in Sifera  
His Temples, in the Church thou still wouldst stay.  
Such fervent folly doth expose to mocks  
Devotion, and such nayles the Devill knocks.*

### 137. The necessity of Respiration.

*As humane bodies are conserv'd by breath,  
So must our Soules too in a sort respire,  
Send sighes and prayers out from hearts entire,  
And draw in quickning grace, else looke for Death.*

### 138. An offer of love to our new-borne Saviour.

*Sith in the Inne no roome they will afford,  
Take up thy lodging in my breast, deare Lord,  
Where for a Cradle let my panting heart  
Rocke thee asleepe, that dost true rest impart;  
And for thy swadling bands, my Muse shall bring  
Strong Lines, that binde the passions of a King.  
O this poore offer wouldst thou take deare Lord,  
A heartier welcome should no flesh afford.*



*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

139. On a feared Conscience: to a damnable Swearer.

*It is affirm'd, that where the Devill layes  
His claw, and markes damn'd witsches for his owne,  
That part growes stupid, and no sense bewayes,  
Nor bleeds, though pierc'd with Needles to the bone:  
Thy Conscience so, which hottest Hell did feare,  
Is senselesse growne, nor wounds nor blood doth feare.*

140. A flocke of Fooles.

*What numbers are there like the sonnes of Gad,  
That more than Cana'n lik'd Mount Gilead!  
Their folly's infinite that so admire  
Hillocks of wealth, though few to Heav'n aspire.*

141. A flight of cares.

*Like noisome Flies that Egypt did infest,  
Are worldly cares, (whose buzzing doth molest  
Our fixt devotions) yet with shorter wings  
Than to fly off, though longer be their stings.*

142. Light enough in the Scriptures.

*Who taxe the Scriptures with obscurity,  
Are like old Eli, that could scarce descry  
The hallowed Lamps: for in those leaves doth shine  
A Sunne, that did our cloudy flesh refine.*

143. Our Kingdomes happinesse.

*Mild showers make sweet flowers spring amaine,  
So blessings grow apace where good Kings reigne.*

144. Hard hearts, to be broken.

*Mens hearts are like those Tables made of stone  
Which God inscrib'd, and by contrition  
Must so be broke: such breaking makes us sound  
In the best part, and heales us with a wound.*

145. David dancing, Michol mocking.

*When zealous David danc'd, as if he would  
Shake all his sinnes off, Michol could not hold,  
But at his holy mirth her mocks she throwes,  
And nimble as his feete, her loose tongue goes.  
Yet here's the difference; his quick motions were  
Of the right stampe, in hers rude wrongs appeare.*

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

149. *David to Michol.*

Dost thou frowne, and looke awry  
At him, whose zeale mounts uprightly ?  
Dost thou count loves force a toy,  
And jeere because I dance for joy ?  
Flout and spare not ; I (to meete  
My Lord) will leape with agile feete,  
And<sup>r</sup> fore his sacred Arke will move  
In measures of unmeasur'd love.  
For 'twas an Arke that once to save's  
Was glad, and danc'd upon the waves.

150. *A devillish uproare.*

*When Israel would depart, sterne Pharaoh more  
Rag'd not, than doth th' infernall Lion roare,  
When his revolting Subjects bid good-night  
To his darke kingdome, and embrace the light.*

151. *Lust and Pride.*

*Abra'm saw Sodome wrapt in smoke and fire ;  
And who the world beholds, shall it descry  
Involv'd in hotter flames of lewd desire,  
And smoke of pride, that towreth to the sky  
Like to a Meteor ; yet descends againe  
Intearcs of sorrow, as a Cloud in raine.*

152. *Fond delights to be relinquisht.*

*Abra'm when Haac left the dugged, did make  
A Feast, (though none we heare of at his birth)  
And when soft manlesse pleasure we forsake  
For wisdomes truth, more cause we have of mirth,  
Than if we should false Mammions summes collect,  
That make the Chest sound, but the brest infect.*

153. *Of Death.*

*Death as a Clocke the Destinies have set,  
That still points at us with a fleshlesse hand,  
And more than houely strikes ; too sencelesse yet,  
His warning blowes we list not understand.*

154. *Diffusion of goodnesse.*

*For Jacobs and for Moses sake,  
Laban and Pharaoh both were blest :*



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

*For our peace-loving Lord doth take  
Delight in gentle soules to rest,  
Whose goodnesse doth (like th' Altars fume)  
Spread sacred sweets, but nere consume.*

### *156. Of the same.*

*Sweet vertue, like the humid morne, doth give  
Her due to all, that in her compasse live.*

### *157. Meditation of mortality.*

*The Mariner that best his Barke doth guide,  
Sits at the Sterne; and he that would provide  
For his soules safety, to the end must fly  
Of life, in thoughts of fraile mortality;  
So shall he bring his vessell to the Cape  
Of his best hope, and wrackfull vengeance scape.*

### *158. No peace without piety.*

*Jonas once gone from God, on sea or ground  
Nor calme of peace, nor shine of comfort found;  
But vainely aiming at contentment, is  
Like a faint Souldier, that his rest doth misse.*

### *159. Workes of Charity.*

*The meale and oyle that did Elias feed,  
Nere sayl'd; nor will a charitable deed,  
Though oft repeated, make the giver poore,  
Whilst Heaven keepes Angels to supply his store.*

### *160. To Lavolt, a fauourite.*

*Moses into the aire light ashes threw,  
And forthwith did a heavy plague ensue:  
So if (dust that thou art) thou soare too high,  
Sad vengeance will deject thy vanity,  
Iust as that golden Calves fine ashes were  
In water cast, and worthlesse did appeare.*

### *161. Birds of prey, hardly reclaimed.*

*Achan was stoned for a wedge of gold,  
That stucke too fast in his ill-bent desire:  
But stony hearts their barren breasts doe hold,  
That wealth by stealth and lawlesse shifts acquire.*

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

### 162. Of incineration.

As *Daniel* did by strewing ashes find,  
The juggling Priests deceite; so in thy mind  
And memory the wholesome ashes cast,  
Whereto the fates will sift thy flesh at last;  
And the false foot-steps of the world thereby  
Thou shalt race out, and guilefull trickes descry.

### 163. Of the same.

Let not fraile red and white delude thine eye,  
For the Ash-colour is the surest dye.

### 164. Of the externall senses.

Who shuts not up his senses with a guard,  
Lyes open to the fate of *Ishbosheth*,  
Who having left his pallace gates unbarr'd,  
Sly treason entred, and lets out his breath:  
So shut these portals then, that *Sathans* skill  
Picke not the Locke, nor sins intrusion kill.

### 165. The duty of meditation.

Those beasts that serv'd for legall sacrifice,  
Were such as chew'd the cud: but men (more wise)  
Should thankfully record and meditate  
Of his high power, that did all create:  
Else, lesse perhaps than things with hoofs and borne  
They God adore, and th' universe adorne.

### 166. A troublesome world.

This World resembles *Labans* house, wherein  
Good *Iacob* nought save trouble found and sin:  
But having left it, by the Angels scale  
Takes heavenly heights, and flights this earthly vale.

### 168. Of concord.

God many of each sort of creatures made,  
As of birds, beasts, and plants; but of mankind  
His wisdomes depth the first foundation laid  
Onely in two, and those as one combin'd;  
That all, remembering how from one they came,  
Might with the bent of love at union aime.



---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

169. *Of Regeneration.*

As *Moses* put his shooes off, so must we  
Our foule desires, that hope our Lord to see :  
For like our loose affects, and would  
Be so kept under, lest they grow too bold.

170. *Of Divine contemplation.*

*Christ* shin'd in glory upon those that went  
To *Tabor* toppe with him ; and so when we  
By contemplation make our high ascent  
Bove worldly cares, through which we dimly see ;  
God lights us with his splendour, and displays  
His pretious beauties with propitious rayes.

171 *Israels Shepherd upon the mountaines.*

Our Saviour oft in mountaines did abide,  
To preach or pray, but knew no height of pride.

172. *Generall disobedience.*

The most men (though no *Kings*) I may compare  
To *Saul*, who did the lustiest cattle spare  
Of *Amalek* : for so the lives we save  
Of brutish passions, though command we have  
To slaughter them ; so crosse we are to Gods  
Just Lawes, and even with our selves at oddes.

173. *To Asia.*

Blest Region, where my sacred Saviour walkt,  
And God with man in flowery *Eden* talkt,  
I reverence thy soyle, preferring thee,  
The worlds fourth part, before the other three,  
Though vast *America* against my straine  
Swell with proud hills of gold, and high disdain.

174. *Of abstinence.*

*Daniel* by abstinence disperst abroad  
Those fleshly vapours which becloud the mind,  
And saw thereby the misteries of God  
More cleerely than the rest of humane kind :  
For fasting (that lusts fervour doth allay)  
Makes us as *Eagles* sharpe, and apt to pray.

---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

175. *Holy violence.*

*Jacob, that rugged Esau's heele did hold,  
Taught us thereby some rigid course to take  
With hatefull sins, and plucke them (if we could)  
From us by th'heelles, that head against us make.*

176. *Away prophane.*

*Those Beasts were to be ston'd, that came but neare  
That Mount, where God in terreur did appeare:  
And men that in Gods Temple dare present  
Their beastly lusts, may feare like punishment.*

177. *Of the Starre, and the stable, upon  
our Saviours Birth-day.*

*Me thinkes, the Stable and the Starre I see,  
The one above, the other here below:  
Which two my Saviours severall natures show,  
His Man-hood namely, and his Deity.*

178. *Double Victory.*

*As Daniel first destroy'd the Idoll Bel,  
And then the Dragon: so if first we quell  
The Idoll of our flesh, we quickly shall  
Make Sathan fly, and downe like lightning fall.*

179. *Of humane life.*

*If life be but a thread, then why may not  
Sharpe misery be th'needle, death the knot?*

180. *Of solitude.*

*Our Heavenly Saviour (passing all degree  
Of humane sanctity) went oft apart  
To pray, and found such solitude to be  
A fit companion for a single heart.*

181. *Of Traitors.*

*Like odious Toades are trait'rous Male contents,  
That from faire day-light hide their foule intents,  
And in the Denms of mischief dormant sit  
Till night; but then their blacker venime spit,  
While with their harsh ill-boading sounds they breake  
The aire, and peace of Kingdomes, where they speake.*



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

### 182. Of Bablers.

*Like the Caldean troopes, that downe did breake  
Ieruselems high Walls, are those that speake  
Much to small sence, and violate thereby  
The bounds of reason, mounds of modesty.*

### 183. The Objects of reproofe.

*The stone that Daniel Writes of, did not smite  
The Idolls golden head, nor silver brest,  
But earthen feet : so heavy blame doth light,  
Not on mens rich deserts (with honour blest,)  
But at poore errours reprehension flies,  
And stones to death the slight'st infirmities.*

### 184. The fall of fortitude.

*Rich golden Vessels pale and sickly grow,  
If not well furbusht with a painefull hand :  
So men of noblest metall fall below  
Their worth by sloth, or as meere cyphers stand,  
And (by their dulnesse) making others mount  
To Honour, are themselves of no account.*

### 185. Preparation for the Sacrament.

*Mens hearts are like hard waxe, which fiery zeale  
Should soften, ere they take the heavenly scale.*

### 186. Keepe within compasse.

*Wild Esaurang'd the fields, but Iacob still,  
Kept home : so Gods indeared Servants will  
Themselves in compasse of a Conscience hold,  
But impious fooles are straglers from the Fold.*

### 187. Earth to earth.

*In Peru lives the Foxe-like Cincia, which  
Kind nature doth with a strang bagge enrich,  
Under her belly plac'd ; to which (in feare)  
Her stragling young ones hast to hide them there :  
Th' all feeding Earth the like maternall part  
Performes to us, which (when the fatall Dart  
Of death affrights, and strikes us downe for sin)  
Sets ope a grave, and takes her off-spring in.*

---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

188. The worme of Conscience.

*Sinne like a Serpents egge, in dunghill laid,  
Of foule corruption to each heart convey'd,  
And hatcht with hot desires of greedy sence,  
Becomes a Worme, and gnawes the Conscience.*

189. Of tongues.

*Our tongues are not of bone, but flesh, to shew  
Our words should not be harsh, but gently flow.*

190. Good preachers, Gods favourites.

*When Salomon the sacred Temple built,  
God favour'd him, nor knew he then the guilt  
Of what might vex him, sinfull vanity:  
So those that Gods deare Church doe edifie,  
Keeping sin under, are in high regard  
With him, that Crownes his workemen with reward.*

191. Gods feare, with true fortitude.

*Gods feare made Moses bold to goe  
To that sterne Tyrant Pharaoh,  
Not trembling at his harsh replies:  
For when the Lord of earth and skyes  
Is lodg'd once in a faithfull brest,  
What earth-quake dare his roome molest?*

192. Of zealous alacrity.

*That God, that did the Israelites command  
To eat with eager hast the Paschall Lambe,  
Now wills, when pious workes we take in hand,  
That we with nimble zeale performe the same:  
For he that Heaven incessantly doth move,  
Admits no sluggish soules to rest above.*

193. Poore and rich.

*The Shepheards quickly with their Saviour were,  
But the three Kingly Sophies came from farre;  
To shew, than poore men are to God as neare  
As fortunes Sonnes, that rich and potent are.  
For pride (which made both men and Angels erre)  
Oft waites on wealth, and leades to Lucifer.*



---

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

164. Of Prayers.

*Prayers are lively sparkes, that mounting flye  
From fire of zeale, and penetrate the skie.*

195. A Crowne for constancy.

*In Aarons vesture, sumptuous to behold,  
Betwixt small sounding bells of shining gold  
Pomegranates stood, which native Crownes doe beare;  
And in the utmost skirts these placed were:  
To shew, that good workes (which pure bells expresse)  
Shall in Heavens Court be Crown'd with happinesse,  
When in a course of constancy they have  
Reacht the Lands-end of life, the finall grave.*

196. The Divels temptation.

*Sathans temptation seemes the Steele,  
That striking on our hearts of stone,  
Makes lust to sparkle; yet (we feele)  
Oft cooles our hott'st devotion.*

197. Avoid Sathan.

*Good Abra'm drive the noughty fowles away,  
That seiz'd upon his solemne sacrifice:  
So the foule fiends temptations, when we pray,  
Should we expell from th' Heavenly exercise;  
And plucke up (for the Lords sake of the soile)  
The thornes of care, that grounds of goodnesse spoile.*

198. Of perseverance in piety.

*Those yoked Kine, that drew the Arke unto  
Beth-shemesh; though their Calves did bleat apace,  
Did to their journies end directly goe:  
So when Christs yoke upon our neckes we place;  
Though our fond lusts importune us to stay,  
Yet hold we on, and keepe the heavenly way.*

199. To Fewlove, a turbulent Church-man.

*What Devils horne compells thee? canst not Preach  
Of what thou nere wilt by example teach,  
Good life and manners; but thou needs must be  
Braying against the fruites of Sanctity:  
As bounteous almes, set prayers, and the like,  
Wher eat thou dost with points of Doctrine strike?*

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

This's not to build up, but edge tooles to throw  
'Mongst ignorants, and wound their weaknesse so,

### 200. Of Hypocrisie.

*Hypocrisie, like Ieroboams wife,  
Walkes in disguise, and rather acts a life  
(Vpon this trifling stage of vanity)  
Than leads one, that her manners may discry.  
For though an outward forme they beare,  
Plucke off her Maske, and (oh) the Devill's there.*

### 201. The choice of a wife.

When Adam soundly slept, God Eve did make,  
And when our fond desires are least awake,  
The soundest course it is a wife to take :  
For he that shootes love from a wanton eye,  
Though on a faire match he may hit thereby,  
Yet foully erres from th'white of chastity.

### 202. Of Confession.

*Confession deales with sinnes, as Ioshuah  
With the five Kings i'th Cave of Makeddah;  
That from darke hollow hearts where vices raigne,  
Brings them to judging light, and sees them slaine.*

### 203. The blood of our Lord.

Thy vitall blood sweete Saviour doth asswage  
Our feaverous sinnes, though hot as Hell they rage  
Within our flesh. In sultry Egypt so  
Dire plagues decrease, when Nile doth over-flow.

### 204. Wisedome without measure.

*As Moses Serpent did the rest devoure,  
Gods wisedome fooles our knowledge, foyles our power.*

### 205. On bad Patrons.

Some Patrons worse than those our Saviour scourg'd  
Out of the House of Prayer, which he purg'd  
From sinne : for those i'th' Temple onely sold,  
But these will sell the Temples selfe for Gold.

### 206. Portions for Gods

#### Children.

*The doores that to Gods Oracle did lead,  
Of Olive were, with Cherubs garnished,*



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

Whose mysticke wood full plenty did imply,  
As the carv'd worke, Celestiall dignity:  
Both which their portions are, whose hearts entire  
Ope at Gods knocke, and shut out lowd desire.

208. Heaven hardly entred.

Of new Ierusalem truths Scribe doth write,  
That her twelve pearly gates stand opposite;  
In Walls, whose Bases are twelve jemmies entire:  
To shew, that men from all parts shall aspire  
To his faire City, (equalled by none)  
Yet hardly make their way by Pearle and Stone.

209. To a vaine Babbler.

Thy prayers are so tedious, that they bee  
Long ere they reach to Heav'n, too high for thee.

210. Spirituall bondage.

When Zedechiah must to Babel goe,  
They blinded him, and heavy Chaines did throw  
Vpon him: so when ignorance doth shut  
Mens eyes, and indeuotion fetters put  
On their affects, how quickly are they gone  
To th'horrors of infernall Babylon!

211. A happy Convert.

A yongster going to the Stewes, did meet  
By chance a dead mans Coffin in the street:  
Which courage-quelling sight a mortall blow  
Gave to his lust, and tooke impression so,  
That he returnes a Penitent, and drames  
His loose affects up to strict vertues Lawes.  
O wholesome spectacle! through which he sees  
Folly in grosse, and sinnes deformities.

212. To an Apostate.

That thy loose tongue is so prophanely bold  
To carpe at sacred truths, I wonder not,  
That heare how much thy zeale hath taken cold,  
And sanctity the falling-sicknesse got.

213. Celestiall comfort.

The fire that in few minutes should have turn'd  
Three Children into ashes, onely burn'd

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

*Their bonds asunder: but when once that flame  
That shall dissolve the worlds unwildy frame,  
Sinnes chaines shall loofen, and dull flesh refine,  
We shall as Eagles soare, as Angels shine.*

214. *On the ten Lepers in the Evangely.*  
Ten Lepers cleansed were, one onely blest  
His Lord; this towards Heav'n out-trap'd the rest.

215. *To Lake Warne.*  
The Egyptian Coptics, though they long remaine  
In Churches, neither kneele, nor sit, but leane  
On crutches still: why dost not thou the same,  
Whose Sanctity is sicke, Devotion lame.

216. *On old Simeon.*  
Those Pilgrims at Mecha once have beene,  
And Mahomets magnifick Temple scene,  
Doe usually deprive themselves of sight,  
Lest on prophane objects they should light:  
Old Simeon so (if zeale compar'd may be  
With madnesse) when he did young Iesus see,  
(His hopes rich faine, and Sunne of glory bright)  
Desir'd the quenching of his vitall light,  
As loth (good man) t' infect his aged eyes  
VVith spectacles of finnes and miseries.

217. *To a Communicant.*  
Thy body is now the pot of Gold,  
That doth Celestiall Manna hold:  
Then keepe no cankerd malice there,  
For Golds nerer rusts, but shineth cleare.

218. *To a Pharisaicall boaster.*  
VVhen Moses in his bosome thrust his hand,  
It came forth leprous; but when thou into  
Thine in-side divest, thou wilt understand  
That much unsoundnesse in each part doth grow,  
Till in the Jordan of Christs blood it be  
VVasht soundly off, like Naamans Leprosie.

219. *VVho first, for a winding-sheetes  
With what a swiftnesse are we hurried on  
By Times impulsion to our finall home!*

*That*



## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

*That seeme to strive as Peter did, and John,  
Who first unto the Sepulchre should come.*

220. *Wormes meate.*

*The proudest King's but carrion, served in  
A Leaden dish to wormes, for heavier sinne.*

221. *Keepe off your Hatts.*

*The Foure and twenty Elders did deject  
Their Crownes before the Lambe: but yongsters owe  
To the Worlds Saviour now so sleight respect,  
As in his presence their bold heads to show  
Unseemely veyl'd. O wrong to Sanctity!  
Done in the publicke view, yet covertly.*

223. *Comfort in the Crosse.*

*VWhen Helena, most deare to Constantine,  
(A Lady pregnant with affects divine)  
Had happ'ly learned that Christs Crosse did lye  
At the low confines of Mount Calvary,  
Causing the rubbidge, under which it lay  
By Jewes ill-buried, to be cast away,  
The broke Earth trembled (as the Story shoves)  
And from her ruptures dainty odours throwes  
Into the Aire: For though the Crosse imprint  
Feare in our hearts, yet is there comfort in't,  
And such a sweetnesse as was never found  
In Tempe's Groves, nor Edens flowery ground.*

224. *Heavenly endowments.*

*We should the Robe of glory (as it were)  
Spinne out of Christ by faith, embroyder't here  
With workes of Piety, perfume it too  
With Incense of our Prayers; else we doe  
But feast on dainty dreames, and Heaven-ward reare  
A scale of phansies, that no weight will beare.*

225. *An intricate Receptacle.*

*Mans body's of the Elements compos'd,  
VWithin his body is his blood enclos'd,  
His spirits in his blood, in these his Soule,  
And in it God doth rest, that moves the whole.*

*The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

226. *On Truth.*

Truth seekes no corners : How may this appeare ?  
It comes from Heaven, which is a perfect Spheare.

227. *Adams honourable interment.*

In a cleft Rocke, neare which our Saviour dy'd,  
Was Adams head found, who had prophesied  
(As Fame averres) that his Redeemer shou'd  
His bones there moisten with effused blood,  
What time the Ocean of his love should make  
The Nectar-drunk Earth to reele and shake.  
O primely honour'd man ! thus with the best  
Of sweets embalm'd, and rockt to blissefull rest.

228. *Treasures of Devotion.*

The Starre-led Sages, that would Christ behold,  
Did Presents bring, Myrrhe, Frankinsence, and Gold :  
So if teares, prayers, pure affects we bring,  
We shall with comfort see our heavenly King.

229. *On St. Thomas the Apostle.*

Thomas for unbeleefe did make amends  
At last, and had his Faith at's fingers ends.

230. *The place of Christs Nativity.*

In a poore Grot on Bethlems Easterne side,  
Which for a Stable sometimes was employ'd,  
The Sunne of Righteousnesse did (as it were)  
Breake from a tender cloud, that held him deare :  
But in this lower world hard welcome found,  
To whom a Manger hewne i'th' rocky ground  
For Cradle serv'd ; not to be rock't, unlesse  
An Earth-quake came, and pittied his distresse.

231. *On the Star that watched over our Saviour.*

Sith other Planets seeme to serve the Sunne,  
For Mars, Iove, Saturne, as his Legats runne  
About, and when he comes but neare, in show  
Of honour to their Epicycles goe ;  
So Hermes doth as Secretary bide,  
With him ; and Venus, as his amorous Bride,  
Still waites upon him when to bed he goes,  
And no lesse dury at his rising shewes.



## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

*Then with good reason doth this starre expresse,  
Such service to this Sunne of righteousnesse.*

### 232. The Forge of devotion.

*A beaten brest's the anvile, prayers be  
The sparkes, and zeale the fire of sanctity.*

### 233. On our Saviour, wounded in the side.

*The Balsame-shrubbe, lanc'd in the rine,  
Doth rich and fragrant teares distill:  
But here's an upright Palme Divine,  
From whose pierc'd side doth Nectar trill,  
Whose droppes would dampe the rose Morne  
With sweets, and Galaxie adorne.*

### 234. To an Atheisticall scoffer.

*The Tempter set our Saviour (as they say)  
On the proud height of *Quarantania*,  
And shew'd him sundry Kingdomes: but should he  
Hurle thee to Earths low-bowell'd vastity  
Downe *Aetnaes* fiery jawes, he haply might  
So satisfie and terrifie thy sight,  
That thou no more wouldst mocke at hideous things,  
Nor play with such a flame as sing'd thy wings.*

### 235. To the same.

*Thou question'st me of Hell with hot desire  
To know the seate of it, and seem'st indeed  
Like Peter at the worst, who neare the fire  
His Master did deny, as thou thy Creed.*

### 236. On Cocke-fighting. To Master William Latkins.

*Some, that dislike what ere their betters love,  
This pastime as a cruell sport reprove.  
But why should not man, of all creatures Lord,  
So use them as they pleasure may afford?  
Is it more cruelty for fowles to fight,  
Than beasts by th' Butchers Knife to dye outright?  
But I can raise good from the Pit, and call  
To mind at every sound sad Peters fall;*

## The Second Booke of Epigrammes.

And while they fight that are so neare of kinne,  
Spurre up mine anger 'gainst (mine inmate) sinne,  
That crowes against me. Thus who doth allay  
His mirth, and lesse for coine than conquest play,  
May (Cocke-sure) take his pleasure ; and delight  
(With peace of Conscience with ) a sportive fight.

### 237. Of Whoores, and their Masters.

*Who will not foule veneriall acts forbear,  
But ready are to mixe with all they meet,  
Are like those creatures which to Peter were  
Presented in a trance, beasts in a sheet.*

### 238. Gods garden.

Each vertuous brest Gods garden is, where growes  
The Lilly of faire Chastity, the Rose  
Of shamefastnesse, the Palme of charity,  
The lowly Groundsell of humility ;  
The Camomile of patience, with the rest  
Of pious plants, that make their owner blest.  
But thornes and brambles (cares and crook'd desires)  
Must be extirp'd ; they're prickt for *Stygian* fires.

### 239. Of Grace.

*Grace is like Cedrons Channell, quickly dry,  
Unlesse Heaven (still distilling) yeeld supply.*

### 240. Mans dignity, and danger.

Each man an *Adam* ; a good conscience is  
His Paradise, and pledge of Heavenly blisse ;  
Lust the forbidden fruite ; which when we tast,  
God is displeas'd, from comfort man displac'd.

### 241. Of the blessed Trinity.

*Should I ( as sometimes hath beene seene ) behold  
The King of Planets, with his beames of gold*

*Forming*



---

## *The Second Booke of Epigrammes.*

---

*Forming upon a Clond, his Image bright,  
And from those two, a third resulting light;  
In such cleare objects should I seeme to see,  
A shadow of th' all glorious Trinity.*



242. *To William Davenport Esquire.*

*Some argue (as blind phantasie invents)  
That active discords of the Elements,  
Did worke the World up from its articke Masse;  
But howsoere (to let that fiction passe)  
Some verball jarres betwixt my selfe and you,  
Have made a world of reall love ensue  
In our affects. Which when I violate  
By mixing friendship with one dramme of hate,  
Let *Phœbus* give me for a Lawrell Crowne  
A wreath of Snakes, to hisse my Poems downe.*

*The end of the Second Booke.*

**FINIS.**